

# GRAIL

The Moon  
has  
ushered  
in  
The Star  
of Peace



JANUARY  
1944

08503

# The Grail

Volume 26, No. 1

JANUARY, 1944

## IN THIS ISSUE

- "Come to Me All Ye Burdened" ..... *Monsignor M. Priori* 1
- Two Pilots ..... *P. K.* 2
- Our Manners in Church ..... *Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.* 2
- Between the Lines ..... *H. C. McGinnis* 5
- Virtue and Character of Mary Rose Ferron .....  
*O. A. Boyer, S.T.L.* 7
- Christ in the Night ..... *Quentin Morrow Phillip* 11
- Gospel Movies ..... *Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.* 12
- The Quest for Truth ..... *The Crusader* 15
- Echoes from our Abbey Halls ..... 16
- Up by Big Butte ..... *Mary Lanigan Healy* 18
- For Sale: Croix de Guerre ..... *Sturges Harmon* 22
- Let's Browse Around ..... 25
- House Shoes Not Rationed ..... *Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.* 27
- Interview with a Gripsholmer ..... *Adrian Fuerst, O.S.B.* 29
- Thank You, Santa Claus ..... *Abbot Ignatius, O.S.B.* 32

## THE GRAIL

(Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office)  
Member of the Catholic Press Association

### EDITORIAL BOARD

#### EDITOR

Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

#### ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Rev. Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

#### MANAGING EDITOR

Rev. Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

#### ASSISTANT

Rev. Donald Walpole, O.S.B.

THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly with episcopal approbation by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Subscription price \$1.00 a year: Canada \$1.25. Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage section 1103, October 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

### THE GRAIL,

ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

We employ no agents.

THE GRAIL maintains an office at 341 Madison Ave., New York City, under the management of Mrs. Marie H. Doyle. Phone MU 6-7096. THE GRAIL's eastern representative, the Rev. Charles Dudine, O.S.B., can be reached through this office. Personal calls relative to the magazine and to the Knights of the Grail will be given courteous and prompt attention. Literary contributions should be sent directly to

THE GRAIL, Benedictine Fathers,  
St. Meinrad, Indiana.

# "Come to Me All Ye... Burdened"

Let men and nations over the world  
wide  
Rise to that freedom of the sons of  
God,  
And rally to the Divine Victor's side  
And He will shield us from the ty-  
rant's rod.

**M**EN now-a-days who have abandoned the religion of Christ seem totally absorbed by materialism. Their sole desire seeks things temporal and transitory to the neglect of the true and eternal.

The mighty scourge now venting its furious rage throughout the world is a direct consequence of the material perversion of both public and private life, seeking its perfection outside of the law of the Crea-

## Monsignor M. Priori

tor of the world. We who seek our happiness in God alone are compelled to see in the dire destruction of almost whole nations the will of God permitting those atrocious sufferings of erring man as the means of opening the eyes and of showing the only real way of attaining happiness. Men must be thus forced to understand that God is the only one that can help keep the social, moral, and religious edifice.

With the simplicity of a faith which is our honor, we dare to state that if statesmen, educators, rulers, and subjects were imbued with the spirit of Him who came "bringing peace to men of good will," never

would humanity have been stunned by the slaughter already perpetrated, the end of which we cannot yet foresee. It staggers reason to think of the immense hecatomb of human beings that has been offered to the spirit of wickedness by men that have set Christ aside.

When this frightful war comes to an end, those that rule the nations of Europe must make every effort to take away the causes that have produced this catastrophe and that might again light up a new and more formidable conflagration. But let them not think that they can succeed in this with merely material means. These means devised by men have given proof of being absolutely inadequate. They must train their



subjects to practice the true principle of social life of which the religion of the Son of God made man is the only source; and they must lead their people by their own example. True progress comes from these principles alone.

Let nations return to Christ and with Him let us pray that modern society may find its way back to Christ and thus be cured of the many ills now weighing it down!

The easiest way to find Christ is to study Him—to know Him as much as is possible to man. We must meditate on His infinite beauty. Christ must be the model of every soul.

How amazingly ravishing is Jesus to the soul that thus seeks Him in spirit and in truth. His truth enlightens, His promises strengthen, and His infinite love burns with a corresponding love, the faithful soul. That soul desires ardently to make Jesus known and loved by all men. Who cannot see that if Christ were thus known and loved by men, the peace of God were now shining with heavenly splendor on the world!



### Two Pilots

Christ chose St. Peter (Rock) to steer  
His ship, the Church, in safety clear  
Of reefs of unbelief and doubt;  
And made St. Paul's untiring pen  
A rudder for the wills of men,  
To make them face about.

P. K.

## OUR MANNERS IN CHURCH

*Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.*

**A** NOVICE master once told his novices a story of a God-fearing man who wished to enter a monastery. He was a particular man, though, who would not be content to enter any community at random. He would first do a little observing and select the place that came nearest his ideal. Being a great devotee of prayer and recollection, he decided to look especially for a community of men whose attention at prayer was exemplary.

Like the Fathers of the Desert, whose methods were sometimes eccentric to our way of thinking, this venerable and hopeful postulant contrived a noise-maker of unusual de-

sign. On a staff he fastened several cross-bars, and from each bar he suspended bits of broken glass and pottery. The ingenious device was like the tinkling porch ornaments you sometimes hear clinking in the breeze, but his was of man size proportions.

As he journeyed from monastery to monastery to observe the monks at prayer, he carried his jingling staff with him. It seems he would walk into a church where the brethren were praying and in a moment of great silence, would lift his staff and strike it on the floor with a crash of shattered glass. His first experiments were disheartening, for

invariably some curious monk looked up to see the cause of the disturbance. But one day—so the novice master said—Juniper (or whatever his name was) crashed his staff on the floor in the rear of a church while the brethren were chanting the Divine Office in the choir at the front. A startled novice, fearing, no doubt, that the windows had suddenly fallen in—unless it was before the days of glass windows—turned to look, and as he did so he received a resounding slap on the face from his elder behind him.

"Here is the place for me," thought the noise-maker, and formally applied for admission.



PLEASE AVOID  
LOUD WALKING  
CONFESSIONS  
ARE BEING HEARD

This little story passed vividly through my mind recently as I entered a small church from the rear during Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. The dozens of devout worshippers were engrossed in prayer as far as one could judge, and no distraction, even noisy ones, caused them to turn to the right or the left. They were wholly oblivious of anyone else while they communed with their God.

But there are other ways of being "oblivious" of the presence of others in church, and this we have all experienced.

One evening I sat in the confessional of a city church, straining to hear the timid whispers that came through the lattice. As in most churches the confessional was in the rear, almost in the vestibule, and nearly every person who entered or left the church seemed "blissfully oblivious" of anyone else within the building. Squeaking floor-boards, falling kneelers, hard heels, and heavy stomping receded towards the front of the church at each new arrival, and there was a crescendo of similar noises at each departure. On the average of once during each confession the heavy church doors squeaked open and shut, sometimes closing with the impact of an engine coupling cars. The silence that followed each departing penitent was delightful but short-lived. Imme-

diately there was a heavy click of the latch, a melodious squeak, and the cycle started all over again.

City churches are seriously disturbed sometimes by traffic noises about which they can do nothing. Such is the passing of heavy trucks, trolleys, and busses. Sometimes an energetic workman chooses to do his nailing and repairing during the confession period; the organ has to be tuned, the choir must practice; sometimes the heating apparatus asserts itself by great bursts of noise in the pipes; and sometimes an infant waiting for its mother to come from the confessional will wail to the world its temporary loss—these cannot be avoided. But there is always a way to walk lightly, to close doors quietly, especially in the vicinity of the confessional.

A CLEAN CHURCH  
IS A SIGN OF FAITH

A few years ago I was sent to assist in a large church on a Sunday morning. The members of the congregation are generally considered people of more than ordinary culture. It is not for me to pass any judgment on their education or character, but I saw something there that surprised me not a little.

The day was one that called for a special envelope collection and the envelopes were distributed before each Mass, one being placed in each

seat. There were many Masses that morning, but the very same thing happened at each Mass. The envelopes were sat upon, swept onto the floor when the congregation rose, and trampled under foot as the congregation left the church.

After each Mass the servers had to pick up the envelopes, retrieve the less soiled ones, and replace them in the pews. Whether it was done in protest to the collection or in thoughtlessness makes little difference. The house of God was not shown the same respect as one's home. Or was it?

### TARDITIS AN AFFLICTION

We can all think of dozens of valid and potent reasons to excuse late comers to Mass. A doctor may have been treating a patient; a mother may have been feeding a beggar at her door; children may have been delayed by important works of mercy. We have all had the embarrassing experience of a flat tire on Sunday morning, or a misplaced hat, an unexpected visitor, a rundown clock.

Even dozens of valid excuses, though, are not always sufficient to explain the stream of tardy arrivals at the Sunday Masses. (The later the Mass, the greater the number of tardy comers.)

"Tarditis" is a chronic sickness with some persons. They really mean to be punctual, or think they do, but they fail to notice that they are steadily consuming their time with repeated conversations, loitering, waiting, and unnecessary preparations.

The city schools of New York at one time displayed in each classroom a framed picture of a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Museum. The meeting had been scheduled for four o'clock, and at five minutes before four all members were present. Because these were men of prominence and persons with a multitude of responsibilities, their example in the matter of punctuality was considered valuable enough to be used in all the schools.

Fortunately the old-fashioned notion that "important people" must arrive late to make an impression



has gone with the bustles, and the opposite is now true. The accuracy of radio timing has done much to advance punctuality. And now it is almost invariably true that habitual late-comers are the least important persons.

Whether they are important or not, they certainly are selfish, particularly when their delay keeps others waiting. When we are thus detained we may be sure that the absent one is not a busy man, but one who does not know how to plan his work. He lacks the despatch found in all successful men.

Sometimes—though rarely—the tardiness is in the sanctuary rather than in the pews, and when that is the case the injustice is all the

greater. The lost time is not ten minutes, but ten minutes for each person waiting.

Tarditis is a sickness and needs drastic treatment. The *mind* is the first ailing member. One must know how fast time moves and how slowly he moves. Then the *will* must be treated, for unless one wants to be on time, he will not be. He must learn to stop what he is doing and not to allow any tempting side-show to hold his interest until he has completed his duty. That is not always easy, but is a test whereby we can all judge the ratio of importance placed upon an agreement to the importance placed upon the source of delay.

"Unpunctuality," says Dr. Rudolf Allers in his excellent book *Self Improvement*, "is not just an unpleasant habit endangering work and eventually putting a man out of a job; it is rather a serious lack of moral perfection." Everyone who is late through a fault of his own is guilty of an act of disobedience, and of an inconsiderate lack of charity for his neighbor who is inconvenienced by the late-comer. Dr. Allers explains that a habitual late-comer excuses himself because it is his "nature, something he cannot help; or irresistible habit, or the strength of circumstances" but this is in reality "a clever compromise which enables a man to disobey the laws of reality without feeling fully responsible for this truly nonsensical attitude." If one must continue to be late for his meals, for his work, for his school, all of us would appreciate his making an exception for the Holy Mass.

*Note: Knowing it is sometimes a delicate thing for pastors to call attention to certain matters in their parishes because of individuals who may feel they are being singled out for a public correction, THE GRAIL takes this method of speaking for all pastors to all parishioners. Next month the various methods of confessing will be treated. Points submitted by pastors or parishioners, so long as names are not mentioned, will be considered for discussion here.*



# BETWEEN THE LINES

## A Racial World War

H. C. McGinnis

THE UNITED NATIONS may well look apprehensively about them. Powerful and destructive forces are gathering for a still more terrible world holocaust unless racial justice is soon definitely established. Let us make no mistake—the upsurge of color throughout the world is well on its way. Racial injustice has so long existed that there is now no possibility of temporizing further. The movement of the world's common people—not merely the white common people—for a wider justice is rapidly approaching decisive proportions. The present war, if it does nothing else, has exploded the myth of white supremacy. Colored races are now preparing to strike a series of blows for their liberation; that is, unless it comes without their fighting for it. A world race war will surpass in horror and bloodiness anything yet seen, for it will be fought with unparalleled fanaticism. Such a war might utterly obliterate Europe should Asia's hordes march westward, making past Mongol invasions appear insignificant. Nor would the Americas be safe, for the Bering Strait is scarcely a barrier to a hatred which has smoldered for centuries.

Here is the present situation. China, with close to a half billion people, has awakened to her destiny. Due to our exclusion laws, we know little of the Chinese. But those who do, declare with conviction that they are remarkable people. Their progress has been held in check by white imperialism, so China's present development should mislead no thinking person. This is especially true in view of her recent industrial achievements. Working under severest handicaps, she has largely supported her huge army and civilian population by her own efforts. Peasant boys, with minimum training, turn out precision work like long experienced mechanics. Chinese aptitude in almost every line is most remarkable. China has, geographical-

ly, about the same advantages as the United States, with much the same resources—except that hers are largely untapped. Industrial aptitude, when surrounded by rich home-owned resources, makes for rapid progress, development, and national strength, as American experience proves. That the Chinese will make much of these potentialities, once she gets going, there can be little doubt; for observers who know the Chinese intimately insist that Americans and Chinese are more alike than any two other peoples. If this is so, then watch out for China's future power.

Tomorrow's China will not stand for racial discrimination. Being idealistic, she will demand for her weaker neighbors what she wins for herself. China may emerge from this war a strong naval power. It seems to be the consensus of opinion that a defeated Japan must be demilitarized until she learns considerable more about civilization. In such case, China is the logical recipient of Japan's navy and merchant marine. She has earned it as indemnity for the losses incurred in her seven year struggle against her invader. Should Jap naval strength be apportioned among white nations, world wide racial hatred will flame with increasing intensity, for the world's colored peoples are intensely proud of today's China and will feel any affront to or neglect of her is proof positive that the Atlantic Charter's principles are just so much hooey.

Seething India will be another postwar headache. With her nearly one-half billion people, she presents a serious threat to future world peace unless released from bondage. In India, where fabulous wealth and untold luxury exist alongside horrible misery and degradation through connivance of the British overlords who uphold despotic native princes, the vast majority see no ad-

vantage in British rule. They know that after all these years of British occupation, only 13% of their male population and 5% of the female population can read and write; so they wonder what British rule means except exploitation. Had not China successfully importuned Indian leaders not to do anything drastic until after Japan's defeat, India might have revolted some time ago, thus affording a possible junction of Germany and Japan. Had this occurred, an Axis victory might now be recorded in the books. However, most observers believe that the termination of current hostilities will mean the beginnings of Indian action. When this happens, her Moslems may draw Asia Minor and northern Africa into sympathetic revolt against British and French overlordship. A Moslem revolt may require very little encouragement.

Burma, long fretting against British domination, chose brown masters to white ones when Japan invaded her. Now that Japan has accorded her the pseudo-independence of a puppet, it is doubtful if she will ever again accept white rule without attempting to create a jihad against the white race. Certainly she will never remain peaceful under white rule from now on, after seeing the self-professed master race high-tailing it out of the country before bayonets in colored hands. In this feeling she may be joined by all other colored peoples under white imperialistic domination, for the colored world has seen alleged white invincibility shattered. It has been treated to the never-expected sight of seeing British and French imperialists swept out of one Asiatic possession after another by a brown people; they have seen a colored people carve out a huge empire in the East Indies and the South Seas in a lightning-like sweep of victorious action. While they will undoubtedly witness the loss of these gains by the present victors, they cannot help being op-

timistic when they wonder what might happen should all the world's colored peoples join in ending not only the domination of the white race, but also perhaps the white race itself.

There are observers who believe Japan has already won her minimum war-objectives and that she will retain them even should she lose the war. That is, unless the United Nations voluntarily end imperialism and racial injustices. There are some who say that Japan went into this struggle knowing that she would lose the military end of it. What, then could be her object? Possibly she wanted to stir up racial unrest and to show the non-white peoples what she alone could do as a sample of what could be done if all the world's colored peoples would unite against the whites under her leadership. For it has been long recognized that Japan has been trying to assume the leadership of the colored races, even in Africa. She has gained the first of such possible objectives and may have gained the second.

It sounds fantastic to say that a nation would deliberately start a war it expected to lose, yet what might be illogical to a Western mind could be very logical to a Japanese one. Diabolical cunning stands revealed in Japan's plans for the next hundred years. Somewhat over a year ago, we discussed in these pages the Tanaka Memorial, that Japanese plan for the world's conquest, presented twenty years ago by Premier Tanaka to his emperor. Among other things, this plan allotted a century for the conquest of the United States. All except Japan's recent defeats were scheduled in it. First Japan would attack China, then a partial attack upon the United States, then she would take southeastern Asia, the East Indies, and so forth. She had planned to take Hawaii, then the Panama Canal, then our Pacific Coast. After taking the Pacific States, she allotted herself twenty years for further preparation before crossing the Rockies and starting her march to the Atlantic coast. In a hundred years, she ex-

pected to have this nation conquered piecemeal. The plan of waiting twenty years after conquering the west coast before starting eastwards reveals a patience and forward planning unknown to white minds. Therefore it is plausible that Japan might have started this portion of her century-long campaign merely to arouse Asiatic unrest against Western powers. If this was her aim, she has already succeeded. Naturally she did not figure on being demilitarized, but she may even turn that to advantage, imploring colored peoples to rescue her from bondage. Such scheming can scarcely be defeated by political maneuvers or military might. The recognition of the natural law's racial justice is the only satisfactory solution.

What are we planning and doing to recognize natural justice? In wartime it often becomes popular to be highly complimentary about ourselves and our allies on the theory that we can do no wrong. However, the racial justice question is TNT and must be considered realistically if we are to save all society from much future misery. So let us scan the present outlook. First, we have the Atlantic Charter. How much of this Charter will be remembered when victory comes is a moot question, for it is binding upon no one, although it affords excellent wartime aims. We are told that the four bars in the United Nations' flag stands for the Four Freedoms. Yet very few Americans understand by whom and for whom this flag was adopted and why. Perhaps the nationals of other countries are equally ignorant on the subject. Therefore it is obvious that, to the peoples who must ultimately make and back up the terms of peace, this flag and its symbolism have very little meaning. Yet Freedom from Fear and Freedom from Want apply to the racial situation, even though their pronouncement is not an officially accepted one. In addition, mention of the Charter and the Four Freedoms seems to be soft-pedaled these days, perhaps because of Russia's apparent attitude toward eastern Poland and the Baltic States.

Of the big powers, China will be a strong advocate of racial justice, since her ideals and her need point that way. Communist Russia favors racial justice, for one of Communism's good points is that it preaches and practices racial equality. But Russia has no colored colonies, so her activity will probably be agitation among colored peoples. Since Red agitation advocates violence and bloodshed, the race question will become all the more vexing. Churchill, a truly remarkable man, is the best possible leader for what he defends and is doing a wonderful job. But unfortunately, he is a wholly Tory leader of a wholly Tory and imperialistic government. Perhaps the most honest of all world leaders, he frankly admits that his job is saving intact the British Empire and its colonies. He budes not an inch on the Indian question and has offered no suggestions for other subjected peoples under the British flag. Many progressive thinkers fear that Churchill is not abreast of the times: that he defends an imperialism which, dead, has not yet fallen over. Britain's Tory government believes in power politics. Although America arranged Filipino independence some years ago, our general postwar racial policy does not seem to have jelled as yet. However, should it develop into something entirely satisfactory, we can scarcely demand or implore that other nations observe the tenets of racial justice when we sadly neglect a first rate racial problem at home. So there is nothing now too promising in that direction.

Despite this discouraging outlook, something constructive must be started immediately if World War III is not to result from a worldwide racial conflict. Since, in democracies, leaders' decisions usually reflect public opinion, it becomes our duty as citizens to inform ourselves about this momentous problem and then see that our neighbors awaken to its dangers. This is a matter we cannot shelve: it is already upon us. The closer we come to the fighting's end, the further we shall be from peace unless we do something about it.



# Virtue and Character of Mary Rose Ferron

O. A. Boyer, S.T.L.

The October *GRAIL* (1943) carried a brief sketch of the life of Mary Rose Ferron. The present article deals with the Character and Virtues of the stigmatic and will be followed by an account of extraordinary favors ascribed to her. THE *GRAIL* wishes to observe the decree of Urban VIII and the other sovereign pontiffs, and to declare that the graces related in this article rest on human authority alone. It is not the intention of the writer or of the magazine to anticipate the pronouncements of the Holy See in regard to the virtues and merits of Mary Rose Ferron.

The Cross has often been called "The School of Saints," and the saints have called it "The School of Love." To those of us who may have been blind to or who may have forgotten how to learn from the Original, God has given a living reminder of how important it is for us to be lovingly conscious of Christ crucified.

Just as the modern world tries to pretend that sin does not exist, so it has pushed the fact of the Passion back into the dim corners of the mind as something not very important today. But living pictures of the Crucifixion are hard to ignore. They pierce the depths of many hearts whose surfaces only are touched by the Mass, the Gospels, and the Stations of the Cross.

Almost everyone has heard of Theresa Neumann, the stigmatic of Konnersreuth, but not so many are aware that much nearer to us lived one whose life was similarly graced, Marie Rose Ferron, of Woonsocket, R. I.

Those who have been reading articles about "Little Rose" will, doubtless, be interested in a picture of her virtues and character taken from her letters to a friend and in the description of Rose written by Sister Mary Angela of the Sacred Heart to Father Frechette.

Sister Mary Angela visited Rose for the last time about June 21, 1927, and for the first time about a year previous. She is now with the Poor Clares at Valleyfield, Que., Canada. Before entering the Convent, she lived in Woonsocket, R. I., and wrote short stories which were published in

American Reviews. Her description of Rose to Father Frechette was written in French.

The other lady does not want her name mentioned, but for the sake of convenience, we shall call her Sophie. This friend saw Rose for the first time June 21, 1927, and was with her often until her death. The letters to Sophie cover the period from Feb. 15, 1929, to October 3, 1932.

## DEVOTION TO THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST

WHAT stands out most vividly in the life of "Little Rose" is her devotion from childhood to the sufferings of Christ. To her the Passion of our Blessed Lord was not something recorded in the pages of the Bible to be read with our eyes only. Long before she relived the Crucifixion in her body, she also relived it in her soul by the grace of contemplation. "The charity of Christ urges us," His love for us compels us to try to imitate Him, to suffer for our sins and for the sins of others, to prevent by suffering, sins that would outrage the dignity of God; in a word, to fill up those things that are "lacking of the sufferings of Christ, . . . for his body, which is the Church" (Col. 1:24).

Now, let us see how Sister Mary Angela describes Rose's very practical devotion to the Passion of our Lord. "I did not revisit my sweet invalid until 1927, certainly before June 21, because I did not know that it would be our last meeting. Rose showed me the red spots which appeared on her hands, and told me of inflammations which began to encir-





cle her head painfully: 'I believe that Our Lord wishes me to share His Crown of Thorns,' she told me simply. She added that they told her she was a victim chosen by God to heal the schism menacing because of the serious affair of the "Sentinellists."

Sophie describes the wounds which later appeared, thus: "I have seen only the wounds in her head and breast. I have seen her sweat blood, the eyes filled with blood, and the cheeks full of bloody sweat, also her nose and mouth filled with blood." But throughout all her sufferings Rose kept a sweet, childlike directness and simplicity toward God. "During her agony on Friday one could hear her sing, only after Our Lord must have asked her for the third time. She answered twice that she was too weak and could not, but it seemed that Our Lord insisted; then she said that she would if He would help her. Her mother translated French into English, so that one could understand. She sang most beautifully, sweet and clear." She generally sang a hymn to her Jesus, one to His Mother and one to St. Joseph, His Foster-father. The fact that Our Lord asked her to sing is very significant. He shows the natural brightness of Rose's disposition, illustrating the axiom that grace perfects nature; it does not change nature. That is, when a person co-operates with God's grace and so sanctifies himself, he carries with him, nevertheless, his natural tendencies to gaiety or seriousness.

But Rose's sufferings as a victim that Christ might win souls were not limited to her illness nor to her participation in the Passion. As St. John of the Cross points out, ecstasy is usually accompanied by dislocation of bones and this is always followed by much suffering. Twice Rose said to Sophie, "Look at my cheeks. Do you see anything?" When she was answered, "No," she said, "Just feel my cheek. Do you feel the sharp points of the bones?" And then one could notice it well. She then said, "It is sometimes on one cheek and at other times on the other cheek, and they hurt very much."

Then, as is true of all those who respond to Jesus' cry, "I thirst," by suffering that souls might find happiness in the love of His Sacred Heart, Rose had to pay dearly for every pleasure. "One evening when her father was sad, he turned on the radio and asked Rose to let him turn it on in her room. Although Rose did not care for the radio, she yielded, and told the others, 'Just to make him happy, let us laugh and encourage him for he is so sad, and oh, how my head aches. I will have to pay for this.' She did, because shortly after, and the day after also, she suffered very much."

Rose's own words, January 24, 1932, to Sister Mary Angela express how much she valued her sufferings better than anything else. "I am so happy to hear that ... has been conquered. Jesus is so good, He could not leave him like that, dear sister; we shall pray hard for him. ... It is so sad, he still has those terrible temptations. I am sure everything will be all right in a few weeks. Our Jesus, who is so, so good, will not let him suffer any longer. ... How much I long to give Him, Our Jesus, souls, and more priests' souls. Gladly and willingly will I suffer to give Jesus souls, souls, souls, and the victims as asked. I am so happy when you tell me of souls I can pray for, suffer for, to

give them to our Jesus. Doctor does not want me to receive company. 'It is for your mother's sake as well as for yours,' he says. I am so weak, he does not want me to receive ever. 'Of course, Rose, as your doctor I am telling you not to receive, but being Rose you cannot help it; you know much better than I what to do.' And Father Gauthier, my Director, tells me to receive. I know our Jesus wants to have me receive people coming and begging to come in. I am afraid, dear, you think too highly of your little Rose. I wish I could do as much good as you seem to think me capable of. Oh, no, no, dear sister, your little wild Rose is only the smallest, the tiniest wild Rose in the world, more like a little violet than anything else. But I promise to do my best to show these people who come how happy, how very happy one can be in loving God and how happy one can be in bed within four walls, when it is for Him, our Jesus. If only one of the thousand could understand, could see how very happy one can be when it is all for Him. Sister mine, help your little Rose; pray for your little wild Rose that she will love Him more and more if that can be possible."

#### HUMILITY AND SINFULNESS OF SAINTS

Here in this letter, we catch a glimpse of Rose's burning love of God and of neighbor. But we see also her humility, expressed in that striking way, characteristic of the saints, a way that, to many seems exaggerated, in view of their very obvious virtues and great love of God. But let us see whether it is exaggerated for someone who never committed a mortal sin to call himself the greatest of sinners.

If we wish to learn what a virtue is in its object we must look at that virtue as practiced perfectly by Jesus. "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart" ... What could the infinitely pure Son of God mean by humility? ... Now, humility is the virtue opposed to pride and pride is the preference of one's own will; so in practice, humility consists in obedience, self-effacement, the annihilation of self-will and this is often found in abjection by submitting to contempt and ignominy. That Jesus should be obedient to the Will of His Father by accepting the ordeals of the Passion is understandable when we realize that He came on earth to make reparation for sin, especially the sin of pride, since it is the root of all sins, and to teach His creatures the necessity of uprooting pride from our hearts by submitting to the Will of His Father. He wants us to say daily, "Thy Will be done on earth as it is in heaven" and wants us to practice it.

No one can seek God except the light of grace has shown him his true relation to God as His creature (Benedictine Oblates Manual). The practical recognition of our dependence on God for existence in this life and for the grace to obtain life eternal is subjective humility. It is the first thing required of the soul before God can approach it and draw it to Himself.

Let us see where sin comes into this picture of humility. The moment we realize that we are dependent upon God for everything, we see that we owe Him loving, thankful obedience, but we see also how little we have given Him compared with all

He has given us. Ingratitude is the sin which confronts us. Therefore, humility shows us our guilt; it means, being truthful with one's self. How much we pity the person who "kicks himself"! We all do that to some degree—all of us have some false ideas about God and ourselves. But the better we know God as the dispenser of all good and the more we know ourselves (and we must always pray that God will give us more and more of that knowledge), the more we see how dependent we are on God, how long He has "put up" with our coolness of heart, preferring the things of this world, our disobedience, our failure to correspond with His graces. Thus we see that humility is the result of turning the white light of God's truth upon our souls, judging ourselves against the norm of Him Who is the Light of the World, that we may see our sinfulness.

But why should saints call themselves sinners and be so severe with themselves? Precisely because they know Him and know themselves better than we do. Knowing Him so much better they realize how many graces they have been given which they failed to use to advantage. "He who knows how to do good, and does not do it, commits a sin" (James 4:17). They see that every minute which they have used for their own pleasure without regard to His Will is a minute stolen from Him. "Of everyone to whom much has been given, much will be required" (Luke 12:48). Therefore, when Saints say: "Forgive us our trespasses," they are not saying an idle word, but are fully convinced of their black ingratitude.

On this very point, another person with gifts similar to Rose's, said that a favored soul is like a homely child who looks quite well, because some one has been kind enough to dress her prettily.

These thoughts will make us understand better Rose's comments on a visit from Bishop Cassidy. The secretary wrote, Dec. 21, 1931, "Rose isn't one bit better; she is just the same. The Doctor is so puzzled over her; there is nothing he can do. God wants what He wants, and He is the One Who will make her better, when the time comes. Rose has had nice company, Fr. J. and Bishop Cassidy. They certainly made Rose and Mother Ferron very, very happy. They talked with Rose and what Bishop Cassidy said made Rose happy and satisfied. Rose is blind, you know, and he said, 'If God lets you live you shall see, and I will come again to see you.' Sorry I was not there, but they had just left when I arrived."

Later, Rose dictated the following letter, Jan. 11, 1932: "Dear little sister, it would make me so happy, if Fr. J. would come to say Mass. What a wonderful thing would be such a nice memory for later, when everything will be black and dull. I will pray to my Jesus very hard, and if it is His wish, I do hope it will

soon be real. Let us pray. God is so good to send me such good people... Little Rose is so little near them. Now you understand how I feel when I say I am so, so little when all of these good people come near me. I am nothing at all. Of course, you must understand me, your little sister. All these good people, all these saintly men, cannot love Him more than I do, more than I wish to love Him, my dear Jesus; for Him, I want to do everything; for Him I would do anything; please dear sister of mine, please pray hard for your little Rose. Ask my Jesus, to give me so much love for Him. Dear little sister, I wish I could express myself more, but you understand me, don't you? I have so many intentions for you to remember in your prayers, so many. You spoil me so, but for our dear Jesus I accept everything. It is a wonderful lesson... Never do anything you would not want to do if Jesus were near you."

On July 3, 1931, the secretary writes: "Rose had the company of a doctor last Saturday, a Doctor Cherry of Lourdes, France. He is the doctor who examines the patients when they are cured. He asked her many questions, but the only answer he got was that Rose is 'like any other sick person.' It was sad to see her. She said, 'Why don't they leave me alone? I am just like any other sick person. Why will they keep saying, I am a saint, when I am just Rose, plain Rose?' I don't know what the doctor thinks of her. I suppose we will know later on. Then there was a priest, a Father who speaks on the radio. He wants to have Rose's life. I really don't know what he wants it for. But you know what Rose's answer was. Not ever one word. It seems a shame that they keep asking her for so many things about herself. She wishes so much to be hidden and they keep putting her in the lime-light."

Another example of Rose's humility is given in the letter of Sister Mary Angela, describing her first visit. "Because I asked her, she (Rose) told me but in a very sweet voice and always without any complaint, very simply that her hand gave her 'much pain,' and her other members tortured her. Each time that I left her she asked me to pray for her, saying, 'That I may keep my patience and my courage until the end.'"

#### DEVOTION TO THE PASSION

Now, let us return to her devotion to the Passion of Christ from which she drew her patience and courage. Her friend Sophie wrote: "Her devotion to the Sacred Wounds of our Lord and the Most Precious Blood was very deep. She would do all possible to foster these devotions. Rose longed to have a large statue of Jesus with some wounds on the upper part of the body and the robe from



the hips down, but when asked if she cared for one, she answered (letter of July 6, 1930) 'I must not be selfish.' She was very unselfish. She loved most tenderly the statue of 'Jesus Scourged', the statue of our Lord covered from head to foot with wounds. She loved to look at it to gain more courage in all her sufferings, to console Him, to give Him many souls."

Just how unselfish Rose was, can be seen in a letter written Nov. 4, 1931. "Now for the big news ... I have had some very nice visits from Brother André (St. Joseph's Shrine, Montreal). Can you imagine my joy? He came to see me twice. Isn't God good to me? The first time we had a long talk together, then the secretary showed him the little chapel, and then she showed him my good treasure, My Jesus' Statue (the one mentioned above), the last one you gave me, and he was so touched, he looked at it for about twenty minutes and said, 'Do Non-Catholics ever see this?' and I said, 'Well, yes, sometimes, but not very many', and he said, 'They should.' He was so touched by My Jesus' statue and at night Mr. V. said to me, 'Rose, Brother André would love to have a statue of Jesus like that.' So that night your little sister prayed and prayed to our Jesus and asked Him what His little Rose should do ... she so wants to give Him souls and if giving my statue to Brother André would give Him more souls ... why should His Little Rose not make the *big sacrifice*. You and you only on earth know what a big sacrifice it was to give him my treasure, the statue of My Jesus, so on his next visit I gave it to him."

On Feb. 5, 1932, Rose wrote: "I will pray hard and my sufferings will be always for souls. I give myself to our dear Jesus to do with me just as He pleases, to use me for anything He pleases ... I must ask you to pray for a very important intention. It is for souls and at any price I must have these. They are so dear to God. Pray, pray hard. I am so sad when I think of the sorrow our dear Jesus must have for us, poor souls. I am sure when they have a nice statue of Jesus Scourged they will see and understand what He has gone through for us all. Who can look at His statue, the statue of our Jesus, so pitiful, and not be touched and cry for all the wrongs we do Him?"

Later, evidently another statue of Jesus Scourged was given to her, for she writes, July 1, 1932: "I come to tell you how happy I am to have this beautiful statue of my Jesus ... really it went right to my heart. Is it not sad? Oh, those eyes! did you ever see anything sadder? Really a heart of stone would melt by looking at Him."

Rose had this statue placed in her chapel and kept it covered. When I saw it, Rose had it brought into her room and having uncovered it, I was asked to kneel and pray with her for sinners. Rose was very discreet about the persons to whom she showed it, and only on rare occasions was it brought into her room.

#### HER LOVE FOR SOULS

Her love for the souls for whom Christ died on the Cross was boundless. She writes in a letter started May 23, and finished on May 30, 1932: "The Pope has asked us to pray and well we should.

Everyone ought to pray and pray hard. It never was this way before, but let us hope that our dear Jesus will have pity on the whole world. Let us offer a little of our suffering every day for people killing themselves. May God have pity on their souls. No doubt, they forget in their misery to go to Him, our dear Jesus, and ask Him for strength and courage to pull through all of this. I am sure that our Jesus will pity them. He knows they are just poor human beings and they did not stop to think before doing such a thing. Let us pray hard for them."

In the same letter we find an example of her charitable prayer and suffering for the priesthood, showing her deep Catholicism, her intense devotion to the Church, Spouse of her Jesus; her reverence for the priests whom she calls "other Christs." "Another thing I must ask you: will you pray, suffer, do anything you know would please our Jesus for one special favor. It is for a priest, I must have his soul, and you must give Jesus that soul. It is a very sad case." In a letter written May 31, 1932, Rose writes: "Our priests are making their retreat. Let us pray for them. How they all need prayers, so let us not forget them."

On several occasions her love for the visible Church was richly rewarded. She writes, April 16, 1931: "Our Jesus has a way all His own of working out things He wants, so it was just that way He wanted it, I suppose. He has sent our 'Wild Rose' a priest for Good Friday. He was here early Friday morning. Always on Good Friday her Jesus sees to it that some priest happens to come. He, our Jesus, who is kindness and love could not, would not, leave his little wild Rose out in the stormy world alone, so always she had kind understanding Fathers near her on Good Friday."

#### HOLY MASS AND HOLY COMMUNION

Rose's love for the Mass and her desire to receive Holy Communion every day was often tried by our Lord to give her opportunity to prove her love for Him in suffering. Her confessor had been ill. (Letter of June 9, 1931) "Father V. is so sick. You know he went to the hospital Saturday morning to be operated on. I think it is quite serious, so please pray to our dear Jesus for him. May God's Holy Will be done always."

Her longing for Holy Communion is very clear in a letter written May 2, 1932: "Oh, my dear, your little sister is quite alone, but if it is Jesus' wish it is also my wish. I want what He wants and no more. Please pray hard for us. Mother is so sad. I was two weeks without Communion. Was I sad? Sister of mine, you can guess just how I missed Him, our Jesus, last Friday."

On May 23, 1932, she writes: "Tomorrow is my birthday, and I have a surprise for you. I think I am going to have Mass." The secretary writes: "Rose had Holy Mass on the 24th, her birthday. It made her so happy. Everything in her chapel was beautiful. A missionary said Mass, and afterwards sang for her. The missionary was so happy because it was his mother's birthday, also. In the afternoon Rose received two newly ordained priests."

(To be continued)

# CHRIST IN THE NIGHT

Quentin Morrow Phillip

FROM the bedrooms on the second floor the snoring of the Fathers Augustine, Gabriel, and James could be plainly heard. Deep and sonorous, like a roll of distant thunder on the plains, it penetrated every nook of the library downstairs where Father Walter still labored on his sermon for the next day.

Father Walter was an exact man, which explained why he stayed up so late. His sermons had to be just right, perfect to the last shade of thought. Where his confreres composed them on the spot, so to speak, as they stood up in the pulpit, he wrote his out and memorized them almost word for word. Some people thought he was foolish for doing that, but, then, they were of another mind when they heard him at Mass. His finished pulpit oratory was that good.

It was going on midnight, and he decided it would help his thinking apparatus if he meandered to the kitchen and raided the ice-box. Not that he expected to find much there, for Emma, the housekeeper generally saw to it that the next day's meals were far from the reach of her pious marauders, but there might be a sliver of cheese or some sand-

wich meat or, with luck, a luscious tomato, which would go just about right to a stomach that would be satisfied with almost anything at this late hour.

He no sooner turned on the light in the kitchen, when the front door-bell literally jarred him out of his slippers. A sick call, he thought. He immediately tried to place in his mind where he had laid his shirt and collar and the other appurtenances that make a well dressed man. For, as it was, he had on only his trousers and a frayed lounging robe that one of his relatives had given him as a Christmas present a year or two after his ordination. He always wore his gifts until they became a discredit to their givers.

He hurried down the long hall to the front door, opened it, fell back a step as he looked into the face of what was either a harlequin or a monkey. Since it was unlikely that any one would dress so to visit a rectory at midnight, it could not be a harlequin. And since there was neither a jungle, a zoo, nor a circus anywhere near the town, the visitor could hardly be a monkey, regardless how queer his face appeared. Therefore, it grew obvious that the man was a down-at-the-heel bum, one of that species of



## QMP Stories

Readers of *THE GRAIL* are already familiar with Quentin Morrow Phillip from his previous stories in these pages. His is a most unusual knack of telling a good story, or as he says, of spinning a yarn. *THE GRAIL* has published two issues of *QMP Stories* from his pen, each containing besides seven or eight short stories one digest of a novel by Mr. Phillip. *QMP Stories* No. 1 contains 96 pages; No. 2 contains 132 pages. Both are available at 25¢ apiece or a subscription to five issues may be had for \$1.00. If you like stories, you will want to receive *QMP Stories* regularly. Send your order to *THE GRAIL*, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

**The Catholic Bookman:** "QMP Stories: Short stories and a condensed novel. Catholic in true tone but never preachy, cleverly contrived but true to life, these stories, particularly at their slight price should be very popular."



bums whose normal habitat is the jungles along railroad tracks.

"What do you want?" asked the priest, undecided whether it was safe to talk to the man. Suppose he had a knife or a gun—murder could be committed and the house burned down before any of those sound sleepers upstairs would awaken and come to the rescue.

The lips of the monkey face did not move, but a voice issued from them, nonetheless. "I'm hungry, Father. You gotta give me something to eat. You don't want me to croak on your doorstep, do you?"

"Oh, heaven forbid," said the priest. He opened the door wider. "Come in. And try not to fall over the rugs. One man nearly broke his leg here yesterday. Where you from?"

"Ummm, from all over hell," said the man.

"Well, you sure look it." Father Walter led him to the kitchen, and at the same time looked around for something solid to grab in case he should need to protect himself. "I don't know what I can offer you, but you're welcome to whatever is in the ice-box. Sit down at the table, and take off that grimy cap. When did you shave last?"

The monkey face grinned. Its owner apparently seemed to possess no inhibitions or fears or niceties

of shame. "I quit shaving for the winter. Too cold in these parts for a man to walk around naked. And don't be giving me that queer stare. I'm harmless. Don't believe it? Here, I ain't got a thing in my pockets except a couple of dirty handkerchiefs and some identification papers. My name's Dutch, Dutch Hogan."

"Never heard of a saint by that name," said the priest, pulling open the door of the ice-box. "When was he martyred?"

"That's me nick-name," said the lips that did not move. "My right name's Archie. But don't you be telling it to anybody. Be damned if I want anybody to laugh at me."

"It's an inviolate secret between us," chuckled the Father. He peered into the depths of the box. "Well, all I see is four eggs, a bottle of milk, two apples, a square of butter, and a tin with Philadelphia cheese. What do you think you would like?"

"Boy, I could go the eggs," said the bum, rising sideways to verify for himself the inventory of the goods enumerated. "I could fry them myself. Or maybe scramble them. You got bread in the house?"

"I suppose there should be some in the pantry."

"Well, you get the skillet while you're there, and I'll get the stove started. How do you work this

## GOSPEL MOVIES BY P.K.

### THE LAST STRAW



"This man has done nothing wrong."  
—St. Luke 23:41.

**A**CCORDING to an old proverb: "The last straw breaks the camel's back." This is another way of stating the truth that there is a limit to human endurance—that one more stroke of the pounding hammer of inflicted suffering causes the human heart to break.

Jesus on the Cross died of a broken heart. But, before that final stroke of man's cold, callous ingratitude fell, there was a moment of relief which was paid off immediately in heaven's coin. It came from the robber crucified to the right of Jesus. At first he had chimed in with his companion: "They who were crucified with him reproached him" (St. Mark 15:32). But, seeing the patience, meekness, fortitude, and forgiveness of the Innocent Victim, he turned from accuser to defendant. His cross became a rostrum from which he broadcast the undeniable truth to the whole world: "This man has done nothing wrong..." He is more than man, He is God!... "Lord, remember me... This day thou shalt be with me in paradise" (St. Luke 23:43).

It is in your power to wield the final, crushing blow for your innocent victim, and be guilty of homicide, or to give that heart, on the point of breaking, an injection that will cause it to revive and the victim to recover. But that saving heart-serum must be a stimulant compounded of heartfelt sorrow, sincere respect, and wholesome admiration for one who has received all the wrong YOU have done to him without once striking back.



range, anyway? Must be a lot of you guys here to need a stove this big—begging your pardon, I mean priests."

"Don't be so formal. Who are the guys you hang out with?"

The bum scratched his half-bald head. He was a little man; and what little of him there was, was lost in a coat and pants far too big for him. He looked like he might be wrapped in a tattered tent. "I don't hang out with nobody. I always goes me own way. But me luck ran out, this time. I'd be sleeping now in a box-car in that railroad yard up-town, but I got so hungry I couldn't shut me eyes. And I got to thinking to meself I'll take a walk and maybe forget I got a stomach. So I walks. And by'n'by I sees a church and this house next to it. And I sees a light. And I says to meself, I'll bet there's priests live in this joint. Begging your pardon, I mean rectory. And I know that priests gotta help a poor devil—"

"Our job is to kick the devil in the britches," said Father Walter, unceremoniously assisting the bum at the stove. "How did you ever get to be so dirty? Sleep in coal cars?"

"Ah, it's a long story, bo. Begging your pardon, I mean Father. Guess I better wash me hands before I break these eggs. Where you got your bathroom?" The bum glanced at the various doors within sight.

"The bathrooms are upstairs. You had better wash right here in the kitchen sink. There is a bar of kerosene soap under it; that ought to do the trick. Or how about using this can of Kitchen Klenzer that's on the window? I'll look around and see if I can't find you a towel."

The bum did look more presentable after he had washed his hands and face. He fried the eggs, and then he ate ravenously while the priest nibbled on an apple and wondered how he would get rid of him. And he was not so sure that he wanted to get rid of him. Keeping him in the house over night would be an act of charity, and heaven only knew what miracles were sometimes wrought by charity. It would take a miracle to make a man out of the bum.

"Do you intend to go back to your box-car?" he asked when Dutch had his fill. "It's kind of cold in the railroad yard, I imagine. What are your prospects for tomorrow?"

"Hell knows!" ejaculated Dutch, now working his lips with gusto. "I don't live for tomorrow. Take things as they come, is my motto. I might be in jail again. I've been in lots of them. The cops see you, they don't like your looks—bingo, you're in the clink! And I ain't ever done anything that I should be in the clink. I'm just a

peaceful, easy-going tramp, always minding me own business—"

"You admit you're a tramp?"

"Oh, sure. What else would you think I was?"

"Offhand, I'd say you're a clever rascal. On how many priests have you worked this racket?"

"Aw, I ain't got any racket. I mean, that is, unless you except panhandling and begging hand-outs from lunch counters. But they've got the lid on in this town. I just blew in here two days ago, and I wasn't wised up. But this calling on priests—naw, I ain't ever done it before. So help me Jerry, I ain't. Of course, I always did know something about priests, about how soft they are for a touch—"

"Don't you be so sure of that." Father Walter smiled and relaxed himself in a chair. "I may be an easy mark, but they are not all like that. It was your luck that I wasn't asleep. I've been writing a sermon. . ."

"About what?" Dutch leaned back in his chair, crossed his legs as though he meant to stay all night, invited or not. His manner was like that of a man about town, smooth and self-possessed.

"About Job."

Dutch grinned again. When his mouth opened, it was as wide as that of a chimpanzee. "The Lord sure made a bum out of that guy, too."

"The Lord tested him," said the priest. "Job was a good man."

"Who says I wasn't?" The monkey face frowned, sobered. "You ain't forgetting, are you, that every man has a history? There can't be effect until there's cause. What you're seeing in me is the effect. The cause—well, what would you know about women."

Father Walter tried not to show his displeasure. "So a woman made a bum out of you? You couldn't have been much of a man to start with. I know lots of men who had trouble with women, and I never saw any that let it get them down like it has you. Who was she?"

The answer was not immediate. "She was two of them. My wife—my daughter—the less said about them the better. Anyway, I folded up. Just didn't give a rap. I'd worked hard for thirty years, and it didn't get me nothing. This way—well, I've been all over, seen places I wanted to see all my life; and I guess you could say I'm just living because I'm too healthy to die. And I guess you could say I'm like that guy Job. Everything's happened to me but a date with the undertaker. Only Job could take it, and I couldn't."

"Perhaps the Lord was testing you."

"If He did, He picked on the wrong guy. I'm not Job. I was only a railroad mechanic to whom

nothing rotten should happen. Job was a big shot. Maybe he had to have things happen to him. But why me? I worked, I behaved myself, I turned over all my paychecks to my dame—and she pulls off a trick like that. Her whom I'd trust with my life! And that kid of mine—a chip off the old lady! It ain't right. The Lord ought to be more reasonable in who He picks on. I wouldn't have minded going through some trouble—a man expects there'll be sickness, and debts, and things like that. But stuff like your wife flying kite or your kid going to hell for dough—it's too much. Like I say, I folded up."

The priest surveyed the walls of the kitchen. A small picture of the Crucifixion hung between the back door and the porch window. It was a favorite of Emma's. He left his chair to take it down, laid it on the table.

"You should complain!" he said, a reprimand in his tone. "Here's a man who was only an ordinary carpenter, and look at all that happened to Him! His best friends denied Him, betrayed Him, sold Him down the river, in a manner speaking. And was that all? Look what they did to Him. And did He ask God to be more reasonable? He was God's Son. His own Father allowed Him to suffer more grief than you'll ever know. Did He fold up? He did not. Seems to me you're not a tramp, but a spineless jellyfish."

A patch of color shot into the monkey face. The bristles of the beard stood out straight. The bald scalp pinked. "Them's not polite words, Father. You don't have to jump on me. I didn't come here to harm you, and I wasn't expecting you'd hit me that way."

"In what way should I hit you? I assume you're a Christian." The priest colored, too. "At least, I don't imagine you're an atheist. You certainly must know about Christ. He wasn't a big shot. He was a carpenter. Probably never earned more than

ten dollars a week, in our money. And He worked for a good many years, too. But did they take that into account when they hanged Him? Not on your life. They treated Him like a criminal. What you need is a new slant on things. You're suffering from an inflated ego. That's your trouble, an inflated ego. All that your women did was to bring it out in you."

There was a silence.

Dutch uncrossed his legs, got up unsteadily. "Maybe you're right," he muttered. "If it's all the same to you, I'd like to go now. Thanks for the feed, and for your trouble, and maybe I'll be seeing you in church sometime."

"I wish I could see you there," said Father Walter, opening the door to the hall. "It wouldn't hurt you to callous your knees a little. This bumping—eh, it's stupid. A real man would be ashamed of it. Of course you never were a real man—"

The eyes above the simian beard glowered. "Says you!"

"Says me!" declared the priest.

Dutch paused at the door, looked hard at his host, then shot a glance at the picture on the table. "Mind if I take it?"

"No, take it. It's small enough to fit in your pocket."

"Thanks."

Then they were at the front door, and presently Dutch disappeared in the darkness around the corner. Father Walter then locked the door, put out the lights in the hall and in the library, and returned thoughtfully to the kitchen. He looked at the bare wall between the back door and porch window. How would he explain it to Emma? It was the fourth time in three months that her favorite picture came to be missing in just that way.



Pax Domini Sit Semper  
Vobiscum



# The QUEST for TRUTH

## The Crusader

Do we have the original manuscript of any one book of the Bible?

The original manuscripts of the Old and the New Testament no longer exist, but by the action of Divine Providence the text has always been copied with the greatest care, and very many ancient manuscripts have come down to us. The oldest known manuscripts of the Hebrew text of the Old Testament date from the ninth and tenth centuries. The earliest manuscripts of the Greek version of the Old Testament and of the New Testament go back as far as the fourth century. They are the *Codex Sinaiticus* (in Lenin-grad); the *Codex Vaticanus* (in Rome); the *Codex Alexandrinus* (in London); the *Codex Parisiensis* (in Paris); and the *Codex Cantabrigiensis* (in Cambridge University).

Did Adam and Eve in Paradise live like the primitive peoples we know today?

The first human beings were created by God in a state of natural perfection, i.e., they possessed both body and mind in a state of full development. From the beginning Adam and Eve were full-grown human beings in Paradise. Through their fall into sin they lost their peculiar gift of knowledge. After their expulsion from Paradise they and their children seem to have lived as civilized beings and not in a primitive condition as hunters and fishers. They cultivated the land and kept cattle and were accustomed to use fire. Their clothes consisted of skins of beasts. The Bible records the progress made in patriarchal

times: Cain built permanent dwellings, Jubal invented the lyre and the harp, Tubal-cain, the smith, made knives of iron and bronze.

What is the real meaning of the salutation of the priest and the response at Mass *Dominus vobiscum* and *Et cum Spiritu tuo*?

This is the way the early Christians saluted one another; and it is said to have been thus handed down by the Apostles. St. Paul, we know, gives instructions in his letters to salute different members of the little congregations. At the close of his epistles you find rich and full salutations at parting just as at meeting. In the East this is done to this day. Customs remain the same for thousands of years; they do not change as in new countries. In Syria today, when one goes by a field where men are working, or meets another wayfarer on the road, he salutes: "The Lord prosper you," or "Peace be to you"; and the answer is: "Blessed is he that cometh" or "The Lord be with your spirit." The meaning is the exact translation of the words: The priest wishes the members of the congregation to enjoy the presence of Christ always—"The Lord be with you"—and the response is the polite way of returning the salutation: "And with thy spirit" or in modern parlance, "Same to you, Father."

In the Litany of the Blessed Virgin there are some invocations that I do not understand. Will you please explain for me the exact meaning of "Singular vessel of devotion"?

First of all one must know what the true definition of devotion is. It is not ordinary practice of piety. De-

votion means a cheerful promptness and alacrity in all that relates to God's service, in all the duties of religion, in all the duties of life. It implies a kind of vow or promise, since the word is derived from the Latin *vovere* which means to vow. One is "devout" when he is consecrated, as it were, to his prayer. We say one is *devoted* to his work or to his friends.

Now no creature has ever been so *devoted* to duty nor to God as Mary. God was the one aim and end of her life. She lived simply and wholly for His service. Her devotion was so exceptional that no one can hope to equal it. She stands in a class all alone; hence she is "singular" in that she is *one*. "Vessel" is used as a figure of speech, meaning here "instrument" or "container" of devotion.

At the beginning of the Gospel in Mass and before sermons I have noticed priest and people sometimes touch their foreheads, mouths, and breasts. Why is this done?

What you have seen is the making of three small crosses with the thumb. A cross is made on the forehead not only to seal our thoughts as belonging to God, but also as a prayer that the Holy Gospel be first in our minds, that we may *know* about our Lord and understand and believe all that the Gospel teaches. The cross on the lips means that we wish to be able to *speak* the words of the Gospel and fearlessly to spread them. The third cross means that the life of Christ should be *lived* in our heart. We love the Gospel and indicate that fact by signing our hearts with the sign of the cross.

# ECHOES FROM OUR ABBEY HALLS

## Death of Father Boniface, O.S.B.



**I**T WOULD be hard to imagine a more peaceful and edifying death than that of Father Boniface, who returned to his Maker on Saturday evening, November 27, 1943. He had been confined to his bed for two weeks previous to his death, as paralysis gradually spread from one side of his body to the other, leaving him at the last totally helpless. His speech weakened, until during the last few days it was almost impossible for him to express himself. Day and night there were always two of his confreres with him to minister to his needs and to turn him over in the bed that the change of position might afford some relief.

The signs of the approaching end came about two o'clock in the afternoon of November 27. Father Boniface had been anointed some time previously. Yet since there had been considerable improvement in the month that followed, he was again given the sacrament of Extreme Unction about 3:40. From his room Father could hear the monks singing the Vespers of the First Sunday of Advent, and when the tower bell rang for the solemn "Salve Regina" that is sung each Saturday throughout the year in the Einsiedeln chapel

after Vespers, the few monks watching with Father Boniface in his room softly chanted the "Alma Redemptoris." The group then recited the rosary twice, and repeated three times the prayers for the dying. The several priests in the room took turns in giving the blessing and absolution, and at the last all pronounced conjointly the blessing. When the end came, Father was holding (with assistance) in his right hand a crucifix, in his left a blessed candle; on his breast rested a large medal of St. Benedict.

Father Boniface was born in 1884 at Oberweissenbrunn, Bavaria, and received the name Eustachius. He journeyed to America to study for the priesthood at St. Meinrad in 1898. At the close of his classical course he received the habit of St. Benedict and a year later made his monastic profession. His ordination and First Mass were at St. Meinrad in 1910.

For seventeen years Father Boniface was a diligent and zealous

teacher of Latin, Greek, and German in the Minor Seminary. During this time, or during the last ten years of it, he also engaged in parochial work in missions from the Abbey, riding horesback to Dale—twelve miles distant—when St. Joseph's parish was begun, and later to New Boston—ten miles distant.

After his teaching days Father Boniface served as assistant in St. Ferdinand's Parish, Ferdinand, Indiana, and at St. Benedict's, Evansville. He was also for a short time chaplain of the Poor Clares in the latter city.

Since 1933 Father's health had not been good. A stroke in April, 1937, and an attack in 1939 made it necessary for him to return to the Abbey. The improvement he showed made it possible for him to act as chaplain for the Benedictine Sisters of St. Mary's Convent, Zell, S. D., for nearly three years, his last assignment. In October he was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, Aberdeen, S. D., and from there Father Abbot brought him back to the Abbey. R.I.P.

## Father Cornelius in Bomber Group

**F**ROM somewhere in the Southwest Pacific—and somewhere where the fighting is not sham—word comes that Father Cor-

nelius, the first monk of St. Meinrad to become a chaplain in the present war, is a proud member of a very successful Fighter Group. Father





Cornelius, now a Captain, was a licensed pilot before the war. He is pictured seated on the tire of the nose wheel at the left.

On the feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1943, the 475th Fighter Group went into combat in the Southwest Pacific Theatre. The entire group of P-38 Lightnings was placed under the patronage of our Blessed Mother, the formal dedication being made by Father Cornelius. The leading plane was very appropriately christened "Queen of Heaven," and has the words *Regina Coeli* emblazoned on the nose of the cockpit.

This plane is piloted by one of the leading aces of the Southwest Pacific Fighters, Captain Joseph McKeon. Capt. McKeon, pictured with Father Cornelius, is a veteran of combat ever since the Pearl Harbor attack. He was in Hawaii at the time. Moreover he is a daily communicant and typical of the Catholic pilots who are so fearless in facing death in defence of country and home.

It is significant that this new Fighter Group has broken all records. It has 232 Zeros to its credit, all of them confirmed victories over enemy aircraft. According to the Government inscription sent with the picture, many more Japanese flags now adorn the cowlings. Each Japanese flag denotes a Zero shot down in combat.

On the Feast of Christ the King, Father Cornelius had as his guests in a native style chapel in the heart of an island in the Southwest Pacific a gathering of several thousand Australian and American troops. On the altar erected at the end of the large building Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Reverend (Colonel) Gearhard—Senior American Airforce Chaplain—with Rev. Father E. Sullivan—Senior Australian Chaplain—as Deacon, and Rev. Father J. Honnor as Subdeacon. Rev. Father O'Connell of the U.S.A. was Master of Ceremonies. Twelve chaplains were present, among them the Naval chaplain of the Marines.

American and Australian soldiers served Mass. An American male choir sang the Mass—the *Missa de Angelis*. While Holy Communion

was distributed by six chaplains simultaneously, appropriate hymns were sung by the choir under the leadership of Rev. Father Lollich.

An inspiring address was delivered by the Rev. Father August Gearhard, in which he forcefully contrasted the marvelous order and harmony of the celestial, vegetative, and animal world with the present chaotic disorder existing among mankind. Continuing, he stressed that "peace is the tranquillity of order" and stated that after the existing turbulent state of affairs we must build a new order based upon the principles of Christ.

During Benediction the Act of Consecration of the human race to the Sacred Heart was read and the Litany of the Sacred Heart recited. Several thousand men made the responses and with bowed heads adored when the bell announced that Christ the King was bestowing His blessing upon all.

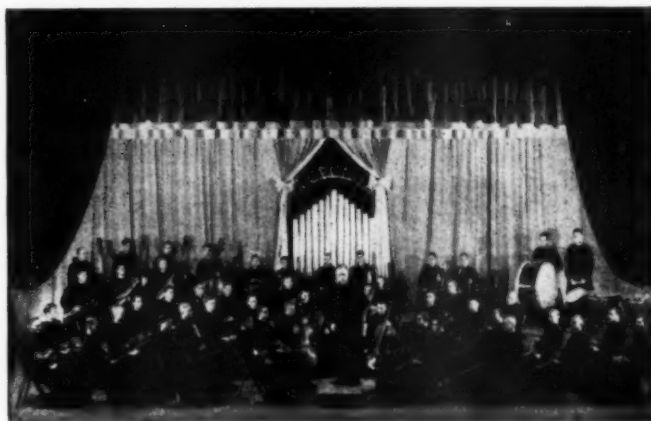
Hundreds of vehicles, ranging from huge three-ton six-wheel trucks to the small all-purpose Jeeps were parked nearby. The men had traveled great distances to take part in this mass demonstration for "Christ the King."

## Orchestra Concert on November 21

THE ABBEY and Seminary are proud of their musical organizations, of which there are many at St. Meinrad. All three departments unite in the three chief ones—the choir, band, and orchestra. Father John has been directing the band for sixteen years, and is now accustomed to seeing his players begin with timid squeaks and oinks, advance to a state of skill, and then leave at Ordination to use their talent elsewhere. But his patience is equal to the task and ever we are seeing new and better bands in the making.

The choir and orchestra are under the direction of Father Rudolph. Each fall and spring the Abbey Symphony Orchestra, consisting of fifty members, appears in formal concert. The fall concert this school

year was given on the eve of the feast of St. Cecilia and included the following numbers: *The Festival March* by Mendelssohn-Bartholdy; Prayer from "Haensel and Gretel" by Humperdinck; *Ballet Suite* from "Rosamunde" by Schubert; *Gipsy Overture* by Isaac; *Roumanian Fantasy* by Velska. Assisting the orchestra was James Habermeyer, who played a piano solo—*Polonaise in C sharp Minor* by Chopin, a woodwind sextet playing *Moment Musical* by Schubert, and *Selections from "Snow White"* by Morley; a brass quartet playing *Sextet* from "Lucia di Lammermoor" by Donizetti; and *Quartet from "Rigoletto"* by Verdi. A choral quartet rendered *Winter Song* by Bullard and *America Triumphant* by Demarest. The next concert is scheduled for March 20.





# UP BY BIG BUTTE



by  
MARY LANIGAN  
HEALY



The Mannings are a family of six, augmented temporarily by the arrival from California of two nieces and a nephew to live in Copper City, Montana, until their sick mother is able to return from the hospital. Tom Manning is convalescing after an accident in which he risked his life for that of a child. In his absence from his classes Walter McGruder conducted the lectures in English Literature. Walter has met Frances and Clare and shows more than a passing interest in Frances.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

(Continued)

SHE WAS thinking of Lucy Galvin as she went. How she and Nell had labored last winter over the little thing and how they prayed that night when the crisis of pneumonia came. The doctor had almost given up hope but the child had rallied as dawn greyed the sky that night when she and Nell fought side by side. And now it was Lucy who was hurt. To her mother Lucy had been, since that time, enhanced with a new preciousness. Julia well knew how Nell must feel. The dark wing had come near enough to shadow Tom and now she understood the vigilance of Nell in regard to the little girl, the soft tenderness in her tone at mere mention of her name. If something happened now... Julia increased her pace, not even completing the thought.

Dr. Jerry Keane's car was parked in front of the Galvins. Thank goodness that he had come. Without knocking she shoved open the door. Two small Galvins stood near the entrance, with tears stream-

ing down their cheeks. There was no one else in sight. Julia knelt down and drew the two of them gratefully into the hollow of her arms. "Here, here," she scolded gently, "a great girl like you, Catherine! And you Lorraine! This won't do at all. Where's Mother?" She was afraid to say, "Where's Lucy?"

Her question was answered by Nell herself who came from the back of the house where the bedrooms were. Her face was white and the eyes were hugh and the skin seemed to draw back from their pits. "Julia, Julia, Julia," she said and then the tightness in her face wrinkled into heart shaking sobs. "My God. Oh my God." This outburst of their mother's was so awe inspiring to Catherine and Lorraine that they promptly ceased to weep and stood staring in bewilderment. Julia spoke to them now over Nell's shoulder as she held the quivering form of her friend in her arms. "Children, would you like to see a tiny little puppy dog?" Their interest swayed to what she was saying and she continued in a calm steady voice, "Put on your overshoes and your coats and hats and go up to my house. Tell Sue and Ruth I said for you to come to play with Honey. Did you ever hear of a dog named Honey before?" The heads shook slightly. "Well this dog is named that. Tell the girls that you may stay to supper. That your mother will send for you when it's time to come home. You too, Jimmy." She turned to the stalwart messenger: "You're a fine brave boy and I'd like for you to go along to look after your sisters."

"Yes, mam," Jimmy accepted the trust, his blue eyes still aflame.

Julia watched the three forlorn little figures start up the hill. Then she said, "Nell, Nell Galvin. Tell me now what happened." She might still have been talking to Catherine and Lorraine, soothing them with her steady tone.

Nell lifted her head. Her features were distorted. "My God, I can't stand it. I can't bear it, Julia. My baby. My baby."

"You can stand what you have to stand, Nell."

Nell shook her head, then went brokenly on, "It happened right here in the yard. One minute she was her own dear self, begging me for a slice of bread with butter and sugar on it. Thank God I gave it to her. Then she was in the yard. I heard her scream. I ran out and she was on the ground at the foot of the stone steps, limp and broken, and I carried her in and I held her in my arms. I held her there and went to the phone and called Dr. Jerry and he came at once. I sent Jimmy for you and what I've done since that minute I don't know. I've seen nothing since then but my baby limp in there on her father's bed and the roses are out of her cheeks and... My God, My God. I can't, Julia, I don't care what you say, I can't bear it..."

"Did you call John?"

Nell shook her head.

Julia said, "Nell, do you remember the night she was so sick?" The eyes of Nell mutely answered her, "Can you pray this minute as you did that night? Can you call on the Mother of God for the strength you need?"

"I'll try," sobbed Nell, crumpling to her knees beside the sofa and there Julia left her while she tip-toed into the bed room.

Dr. Keane was leaning over the still form and he held a pulse in his hand. Jerry welcomed her with a glance. He spoke quietly, "Julia, I think they'd like for Father Rooney to come. And call the Leonard Mine where her father works. There is not much to do."

With a steady finger she dialed the emergency number for the mine. This was a regrettable task. Her heart travelled over the wire to John Galvin. "he had to tell him. It was more merciful to do it at once. "Hello John, this is Julia Manning. Little Lucy has been hurt. Can you come home at once?"

"Mother of God," he cried out as though he had been struck, "Mother of God." The receiver banged into her ear.

At the rectory Mrs. Tarrant answered. Mrs. Tarrant could be very brief when there was a need, "The Pastor is out, Mrs. Manning. I'll give the message to Father Sullivan."

After that, what happened was a blur of impressions in Julia's mind. There was still the kneeling form of Nell and Julia did not interrupt. The Mother of Sorrows was more help than she could hope to be. There was Father Sullivan and John Galvin's coming. And Bobby coming home from school. She sent Bobby up to her house and then Ginny came. Ginny was old enough to stay. There were the murmurs of solemn Latin. Extreme Unction for Lucy. Oil for the finger so recently shiny with butter and sugar, Oil for the little feet which had climbed the high stone steps. Regretfully Father Sullivan left, "Two sick calls came at one time and the Pastor is away." He spoke to John and shook his hand and spoke to Nell then he was gone. Julia went in to the doctor. Perhaps out of kindness he let her help. There was not much to do. She gave him an instrument once. Once she reached out and smoothed back a curl. Lucy's mother was always solicitous of a curl. She went into the kitchen once for hot water. There was Clare and Ginny together seated beside the familiar oil cloth covered table. "I came to be with Ginny," Clare explained, and her mother nodded. She was glad that Clare had come.

Her eyes asked Jerry what he thought. He said, "Tell John and Nell to come in."

Nell was resting like a spent child in John's arms. She looked expectantly at Julia when she touched her arm, "The Doctor said..."

Nell interrupted, "Oh, he says we can see her now. Is she asking for me?" Julia found it hard to answer. It was not likely that Lucy would ever ask for her again. Agonizingly she tried to explain, "The doctor thinks..."

"Oh he just wants us for a minute," Nell's voice was almost bright, "Come John, Lucy wants us."

"Lucy," began Julia again. She did not know how to carry the message, to stamp out the hope rising in Nell's swollen eyes. It was Clare then who took the burden from her. It was Clare who gave the message she was floundering for words to convey. Clare had come quietly in from the kitchen and Ginny stood hesitatingly in the doorway. Clare did not hesitate. She came close to Nell and said, "Mother is telling you, Mrs. Galvin, that the doctor thinks it is almost time for Lucy to go to heaven. Isn't that it, mother?" It was what she had wanted to say. She nodded to Clare. "The doctor thinks that you and Lucy's daddy should be there when Lucy goes."

"You mean..." the stricken face of Nell turned to Clare.

"I mean," Clare repeated, "Lucy is going to heaven very soon." She took Nell's hand. In a

strange detachment Julia observed the two clasped hands. Nell's was large and rough. Clare's was slim and white. The hand of Clare was the stronger of the two. Clare guided Mrs. Galvin toward where Lucy lay. The others followed.

Jerry Keane stood with hands dropped by his side. He was a symbol of defeat. The instrument case was open. There had been no tool there deft enough to bring Lucy back. There had been no skill sure enough to guide the instruments. Nell dropped down by the bed. She cried, "Lucy, Lucy my baby, baby..." Jerry shook his head and looked at John... he reached for the slight wrist. He hesitated a moment then said, "She's..." and Clare completed the sentence, "in heaven. She's in heaven." And it was not a harsh thing to say. Unfalteringly the young voice of Clare reached out for a prayer and brought it into the room so that they might touch the little soul just gone. It was as though they were calling good-bye to Lucy as she started out from her earthly home.

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph..."

It was the night that Lucy Galvin died that Clare told her mother that she wanted to become a nun. She told it as though the confidence had been

wrested from her by the events of the day. As though she had been waiting for a wish to become full and proper enough to share with her mother.

The long dark car had come and taken little Lucy away. Calls had been made to Anaconda and Deer Lodge and Nell's two sisters had come on the late train. Julia had decided that she and Clare would go home, that perhaps the exhausted Nell would sleep from the sedative the doctor gave and they could be of more service in the morning.

As they climbed the hill toward home, they found quiet and peace. Somehow to Julia there seemed a resemblance between the slim girl and the night itself. Her grey eyes might have been the stars shining through the sky and about her was a serenity of the winter's silver dark.

"Mother," she said, her face turned upward, "I want to become a sister. A nursing sister if I could."

And there was no hesitation as Julia answered; in fact, she read verification in her daughter's face. "I think that's what God wants you to do, Clare." Then arm in arm they walked the rest of the way close together, neither feeling a need to say more than what had been said.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

CLARE and Frances and Julia were seated side by side in the Mannings' pew at the eight o'clock Mass. Besides that, it seemed to Julia that everywhere she turned she caught sight of another member of the family. Within the sanctuary were Hank and Berney softly giving Father Rooney the Latin responses to his prayers. Tom came up the aisle with the long neck of the collection box in his hand after the Offertory. He had served now for two years as usher every Sunday at this Mass. From overhead came the voices of the Children's Choir. Sue and Ruth's would be lifted with them.

"*Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrieleee...*" The calm Gregorian Chant welled through the church. Julia loved the Chant, its unfailing power to sooth her spirit, its unruffled evenness. To her it was so much like the Church itself. Always decorous. Always suitable. Never outmoded. Essential and basic...with no identifying trivialities which might become tiresome. It was like water to the palate...refreshing and good.

Julia turned the pages of her worn St. Andrew's Missal. She followed the steps on the altar. But in her mind persisted thoughts of Clare. She did not banish these thoughts as they came this Sunday. They did not seem in the nature of a distraction. Rather they qualified her prayers.

Clare had been different since she had confided

her choice of a vocation to her mother. She had been happy and settled. Looking back now, Julia could better understand certain abstractions and moods of unrest which had puzzled her since the fall. She knew now why Clare had lost her interest in clothes—like the time she had wanted to wear an old dress to the winter prom. Then when she had been prevailed upon to wear the becoming red dress, the charming vision of herself in the mirror had caused her to say wistfully, "I'll always remember this dance." Of course she would always remember it. She would remember it as one always kept in memory any event she knew to be a final one. That dance had been a farewell one to Clare and she had not been quite ready to acknowledge it as such. The decision she had made was a solemn serious one for a girl yet in her teens. It must have been hard to say goodbye to red dresses and dusky hair behind a delicately rouged face and the invitation the orchestra gave. It must have been difficult to say goodbye, but relieving nonetheless. The happiness that Clare had now was a shining, undeniable one, that sent her walking with a far off vision in her eyes.

It was now early February and it was the hope of Clare that she might leave soon. She had consulted with the Pastor and talked long and anxiously with Sister Irene at St. James Hospital and she

had told Julia and Tom that she wanted to apply at once for admission as a Postulant with the Sisters of Charity. "Don't you see," said Clare, "that this is the logical time? It's the beginning of a new semester and I could graduate as a Postulant just as well as here." There was no hint of regret at relinquishing the last sweet semester of High School, that semester so crowded with activities of such importance to those of teen ages. There was no indication of nostalgia for youth she was surely leaving behind. Clare said it was logical that she should go. Julia wondered at her choice of the term. Was there ever logic in what the heart said one must do?

When Clare had begged to apply for admission at once, the heart of Julia had pounded within her in a sharp sensation of loss. That it came so soon frightened her. Frightened her at her own unpreparedness. She should have been ready. She should have been ready ever since that time she had taught Clare to lisp the words of the Hail Mary. Since she, Julia, had thanked Mary for safe delivery of this second child, a girl, Julia had known these children did not belong to her. She had been aware all along that she was only in charge until He signified the place He'd set for them to fill in His holy plan. Why then was she so disturbed when He invited her daughter to be His glorious bride? It was the flesh of Julia that was sick in its weakness. It was that weak human flesh which had borne Clare and which had given its physical effort to her rearing. That was the part of Julia which cringed a bit at thought of parting. That was the part which was afraid. That was the Julia that looked at the wide grey eyes and loved the looking, that caressed the soft hair and admired each motion of the slim lovely body. But the rest of Julia was not weak. Her spirit was strong and proud and exultant. Bravely it ignored the craven human mother whose arms ached to caress her child. The spirit of Julia was happy in the sight of grey eyes looking at the call of Christ the King. It was comforting that Clare was beautiful in her youth and innocence. Had not a certain maid of the Judean hills been more lovely than any creature born out of human flesh? So while Julia's heart went sinking in her breast, the spirit of her went blithely singing in the clouds.

Julia and the girls stepped out of the church into a deceptive glint of sunshine. The snow had crusted over night and yet it was gullible to the temptations of the transient winter's sun. Whole roof loads of snow straightway began to melt, perhaps beginning already to dream of mountain streams bursting through boulder lined paths. But such mountain

streams were yet months away and the melting snow would discover by night fall that their attempt to escape had been futile, and by another dawn they would dangle helplessly in the form of glistening icicles. But then they might not consider their impulse a poor one at that, for a fringe of icicles is a lovely thing.

The three Mannings did not pause to chat with friends and acquaintances. The eight o'clock was not a sociable Mass. Most of those who regularly attended were accustomed to approaching the rail at Communion time and were afterward anxious to hurry home to prepare breakfast for themselves and others who might have received. There was need for some to hasten home to care for little ones so a husband or wife might be released for a later Mass. At the nine-thirty Mass there was lingering sometimes on the way home and after eleven o'clock there was almost a parish social. But the eight o'clock was not for gregarious Sunday morning folk.

As Julia and the girls set out, Clare said, "Let's have an enormous breakfast, Mother. I'm really starved."

As Julia agreed an odd echo drummed against her brain. The echo was of that same young voice saying, "I'll always remember this dance." Did she want one of those happy family breakfasts also as a special memento? Was Clare thinking of tomorrow's mail which might carry a reply from the Mother Superior in Kansas to whom she had addressed her application?

"Shall I make waffles, Aunt Julia?" asked Frances, swinging into the plan. "Wonderful," said Julia, "and scrambled eggs, and currant jelly and pineapple juice and hot chocolate for those who don't drink coffee."

"Grand, grand," said Clare, and her short animated steps were not unlike the skipping ones she used to take when she was small and wanted to express pleasure and excitement.

"Three waffle irons are none too many for our family," Julia observed, "I wouldn't like to be the one who had to explain to Sue why service was so poor if we had only one."

"You're a pretty far-sighted person, aren't you, Julia?" Clare only called her by her given name at special times. This of course was a special time. "A pretty nice person too in spite of that red headed temperament."

"Why Clare!" protested Julia in her lightest bantering manner. But even while she joshed at the teasing she was carefully storing away what Clare had said about her. She knew it was meant for keeping.

*(To be continued)*



# A Study in the News

**For Sale: Croix de Guerre - \$6.00**  
(classified advertisement in a Sunday Paper Oct. 1920)

**Sturges Harmon**

*Sydney Smith said; "The greatest curse that can be entailed on mankind is a state of war. All the atrocious crimes committed in years of peace, all that is spent in peace by the secret corruptions, or by the thoughtless extravagance of nations, are mere trifles compared with the gigantic evils which stalk over this world in a state of war. God is forgotten in war; every principle of christianity is trampled upon."*

## Francisco Martin

**B**OSTON takes on added color in the fall when the Maple leaves turn to brown and gold, matching the sun tan of students returning to the historical college town. A medley of instrumental and vocal music filled the air around the old Boston Conservatory; then one voice singing Aida with a richness of tone resembling the unforgettable Caru-

so. I listened, spellbound, 'till unable to restrain my curiosity, I questioned some passing students, asking who was singing.

"Yes, yes," they said; "We know. It is Francisco Martin. He is preparing for an operatic audition."

**Francisco Martin was killed at Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7, 1941**

## Paul Roberts

**T**HE SALARY was not large but the Roberts family—Mrs. Roberts, Paul, Isabel, and Walter—had never been used to many luxuries and Mrs. Roberts managed nicely on the money Paul gave her.

When his father died Paul took over the responsibility of caring for the family without question; as Mrs. Roberts often told the neighbors: "Paul is

so dependable. I don't know what I'd do without him;" often adding, "I don't see why Walter is so much trouble."

One night coming home late from the office, Paul found Walter asleep on the front steps. Helping him up, he smelled the liquor on his breath, and realized that something had to be done about it.

At the breakfast table next morning he said:



"Walter, I've a surprise for you." Walter was looking everywhere but at his older brother, expecting now his mother would hear the worst. "I'm going to get you a membership at the 'Y' so that you can swim there every day after school." Walter, couldn't believe it at first, then he shouted: "Paul,

thanks a million."

For a while, Paul's strategy kept Walter's interest; then the novelty wore off and some of the "Old Gang" persuaded Walter to join them.

The day the Truant Officer called, Paul received his draft notice from the Army.

**Paul Roberts was shot down in an air raid over France April 26, 1942**

## Jack Crawford

"**M**ISS WILLIAMS, please ask Mr. Crawford to come into my office before he leaves."

"Yes, Mr. Hellis."

"Ah, there you are, Jack. Come in. There's something I want to say to you. I've been going over the sales figures for the first three months of

this year, and when one of my boys does such a fine job as you've done, I want him to know it's appreciated. Fact is, your record for the six years you've been with us merits consideration. I know that you can take on more responsibility. How'd you like to be Sales Manager and relieve me of some of the load?

**Jack Crawford was killed at Guadalcanal Jan. 10, 1943**

## Jason Cross

**I**N THE research laboratory of Chicago University a post graduate group of students were gathered about one of their number; his name was Jason Cross. He talked for a few minutes; then invited the others to look at something on the slide under his microscope. There was much shaking of

heads; several talking at once; others silently contemplating what I realized was a matter of profound interest to all. The subject of such vital importance was a serum that Cross thought might be a cure for Influenza. If so, what a contribution to the medical world. What a God-send to humanity.

**Jason Cross was lost somewhere in the Solomons Feb. 3, 1943**

## George Wilson Jr.

**I**MPATIENTLY, George Wilson Jr. waited for dessert to be served. He had things to do but as long as his mother asked that no member of the family leave the dinner table until she gave the word, George Sr., Elizabeth, and George Jr., acceded to her wishes.

George Jr. resembled his father, at the time his father played foot-ball for Yale; had the same engaging smile and square shoulders. The resemblance grew less and less as the years multiplied and his father lived, not wisely, but too well.

Finally Mrs. Wilson rose; George Jr. stood up with her saying: "You'll excuse me mother?"

His father turned toward him: "Junior, we're

having a bit of a celebration tonight; a few of my old friends. Won't you join us? I'll see that you don't take too many—if I still *can* see!"

"Sorry, Dad. I have an important engagement; some of the boys—you understand."

\* \* \* \* \*

The boys—twelve of them, stood just inside the door of the make-shift gymnasium. Their ages, twelve to fifteen years. The place of meeting was in the lower west side of the Chicago slums. Twelve, dirty-faced, poorly clothed little ragamuffins pulled in off the streets by their love for a game and their liking for the good-looking young fellow they now hailed with: "Hi George."

**George Wilson Jr. was missing at Tunisia June 13, 1943**

## Hans Eberhardt

**"A**NYTHING you buy at Eberhardt's is good;" was the remark often made by the townspeople when a neighbor wanted plants or shrubs to beautify his garden.

Holland-Dutch blood coursed through Hans Eberhardt's veins and the magic touch he gave to growing plants could be traced to the deep-rooted love his ancestors had for the good earth.

Hans was in his early thirties; taller than most; with large hands and feet; given to serious thoughts that cast his face in a solemn mold, and made his occasional smile a delightful surprise.

He had a passion for improving on nature's bounty and for years had been specializing in melons. He worked primarily with a small, partially seedless muskmelon found in France; not a

sweet tasting melon and of interest only for its few seeds. This fruit he crossed with a full-flavored melon, selected and recrossed through successive generations, until he had segregated the characters of seedlessness and good quality of flesh and was ready to re-assemble them in a single individual.

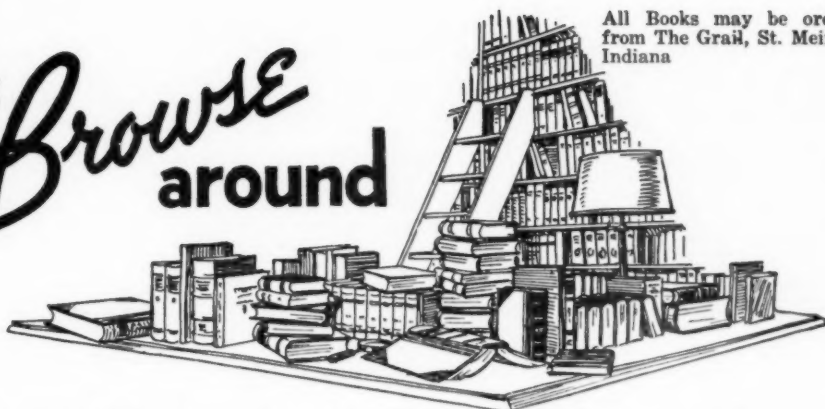
Tonight, as he walked quietly through the nursery, he was thinking of this work that had become so much a part of his life. When would he be able to finish it? Of course, this other job came first. Hans felt that he owed a debt; a debt to his adopted country; and for an Eberhardt, prompt payment was a duty that must be performed, no matter what the sacrifice. So that morning he had walked down to the recruiting office and enlisted as a private in the U. S. Army.

Hans Eberhardt was killed in New Guinea July 1, 1943

*War is no respecter of persons. The young Carusos, Fords, and Mayos fall with other tens of thousands when bullets or bombs hit them. The pity of it is, that they can never be replaced. Who is there who can tell what their loss means to coming generations? Bullets are a dollar a thousand. A Croix de Guerre sold for \$6 in 1920. Who will put a price on the life of Francisco Martin, or Paul Roberts, or Jack Crawford, or Jason Cross, or George Wilson Jr., or Hans Eberhardt or—*

For Sale: Croix de Guerre -- \$6.00

# Let's Browse around



All Books may be ordered  
from The Grail, St. Meinrad,  
Indiana

## A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN By Betty Smith

**H**ERE is a book that follows the growth of an Irish Catholic family in Brooklyn. But our readers are cautioned at once that it is not a book for clean-minded Catholics. (There is some controversy among reviewers about the moral status of this novel. The controversy grows out of the realism in the story. Those who defend realism so long as it is not a defense of wrong maintain that the book is art and should be considered as such. The other critics feel that a realistic portrayal of sin, especially of sex crimes, no matter how much the sin is condemned, will or may become a source of temptation to the reader. To read a detailed account of a murder does not generally arouse the desire to murder nor a gloating over the bloody business; but a description of rape, because of man's concupiscences, would more frequently become a source of evil thoughts at the moment of reading and also for a long time afterward. This reviewer tries always to take as broad a view of decency in literature as a true conscience will permit. He does not feel that he can do otherwise with "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" than to label it dangerous and put barriers around it. He will gladly admit with some other reviewers that there are some beautiful passages in the book and that there are some valuable lessons in educating children. The book ought to cure a confirmed drunkard and enable us to sympathize with the people living in

the squalor and poverty of the slums.)

The Nolan family are Catholics with an odd kind of Catholicism, which permits lying if done for a good end, condones vulgarity, commits adultery with the ease and frequency of taking a meal, and actually chides a girl for not seizing her opportunity to commit sin with her soldier friend. (At this point in the book the mother advises her daughter first "as a mother" and then "as a woman." It is "as a woman" that she tells her daughter she should have yielded to the young man's solicitations.)

Conceding that there are superstitious Catholics, unfaithful Catholics, drinking Catholics, it is hard to see what other purpose the author had in describing only this kind than to discredit the Catholics of her native city. The book certainly shows "how the other half lives." "Obscenity and profanity," we are told, "hold no meaning as such among those people. They are emotional expressions of inarticulate people with small vocabularies; they made a kind of dialect. . . . When Francie heard themselves called lousy bastards, she smiled tremulously at the kind man. She knew that he was really saying, 'Goodbye—God bless you.'"

This may be very true in every part of the world. So we find no fault in saying so. But the disgusting details of an attempted rape by a sex maniac is not for us. The constant harping on Sissy's several "Johnnies" and her unscrupulous

solicitations are not for us. Many a time in the book for no apparent reason whatever, repulsive and suggestive scenes and words are introduced.

If that is not a true picture of life in sections of Brooklyn, there is no reason to represent it so. If that is—or was—American life in Brooklyn in the 1918 period, let us be charitable enough to do what Noah's sons did for their naked father—throw the cloak of silence over the picture. (J. P.)

## GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST By Manning Coles

**I**N THIS "modern adventure for boys" we find a Curator of the British Museum, an American associate, and their two sons with a merchant sailor as their guide, exploring the African coast for Roman relics. The discovery of an ancient city—Perdita—still inhabited by toga-clad, Latin-speaking Romans, isolated for centuries from civilization, creates a sensation for the explorers as well as for the dwellers of the ancient town.

The element of adventure and mystery is rather mild—too mild for the average boy reader—but the cultural value and the authentic historical background will interest any boy studying high school Latin.

This is Manning Coles's first book for young people. That may explain why, while it starts excitingly and ends dramatically, it sags somewhat in the middle. It is recommended for school libraries and for boys and girls of early teen-age. (J. P.) Price \$2.00.

## THE DARK STAIN

By Benjamin Appel

**T**HE NATIVE New Yorker has filled 400 pages with the sickening details of vice as rampant in Hell's-kitchen district of his boyhood. The fantastic story woven in this unsavory novel is another approach to the race problem, but instead of offering any hope or means of improvement in social relations among the races, it crushes, with its portrayal of the depths to which every man and woman sinks, all confidence in human nature.

A political Negro boss, a Southern ex-Governor, a none too trust-worthy police force, organized into a Fascist anti-American "bund," uses a police killing in Harlem to loosen the vilest passions of the black and white hoodlums against Italian bars and the Jewish synagogue.

The book is to be condemned on at least three counts: 1. Rape and similar sex crimes are not only described with disgusting detail, but condoned in the light of a future marriage; 2) the language—even in dispassionate narration—is an insult to the reader. While the author has several books to his credit he is notably short on descriptive adjectives, and not to mention the obscene ones he conjures up, he repeats hundreds of times "this goddamned town," etc. 3) Far from conciliating the races, the story, it would seem, would so debase the whites in the minds of the colored as to foment hateful feelings. The Negroes and the Jews are no less despicable in the book, and the Catholic Irish officer, Maddigan, far from having anything to offset the descriptions of the Marihuana dive and the kidnapper's den, is himself a double-crosser.

The racial problem is a real one and ought to be written about, but in such a way that whites can see the good qualities of the Negroes, and the Negroes see the better side of the whites. The darker side is at the bottom of the race problem. (We suggest as an antidote to race riots the delightful little book "Dark Symphony" by Elizabeth Laura Adams.) (J. P.) Price \$2.75.

## REAL LIFE STORIES

By Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S.

**C**HILDREN love a story. The more life-like it is, the better they like it. And if the story is about a real person, they add him or her to their lengthening list of heroes. In *Real Life Stories* there are twenty such heroes and heroines, each made the center of an account of an edifying life. Taking only those (with one exception) who died before reaching their majority, and all dying since the last war, six of them since 1940, Father Herbst has compiled a book of very interesting facts to spur children on to virtue. The Lives first appeared in *Manna* and are retained as much as possible in the words of the friends, relatives, or teachers, who wrote the first account.

The innocence of childhood always attracts and it is not surprising that these little ones who have been called in youth by their Saviour should win the affection of their neighbors and the admiration of their contemporaries. The number might be multiplied many times, but that does not lessen the appeal that these virtuous lives have for children and their elders. Each life is illustrated. (J. P.) Price \$1.75.

## CHATS WITH PROSPECTIVE CONVERTS

By Rev. M. D. Forrest, M.S.C.

**F**ATHER FORREST, an Australian priest of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, has written out a course of instructions along the line usually followed by converts interested in knowing the Catholic Church thoroughly. The result is a manual of apologetics or fundamental Christianity, suitable not only for would-be converts, but for Catholic schools and study clubs also. While there have been similar books before, this one is perhaps a little more suitable than most because of the familiar and easy "chatty" style in which it is written. It is called a companion volume to the three books of the Radio Reply Series. It is, however, an independent work, running the whole gamut of Catholic teaching on God, Faith, Scripture, the Church, Sin, Redemption, the

Sacraments and Sacramentals, and Special Devotions. The 200 pages bound in paper make a convenient volume and at \$1.00 is within the financial reach of almost everyone. There is a generous discount if ten or more copies are purchased.

## LEST THEY ASSIST PASSIVELY

By Gerard Ellard, S.J.

A handbook (76 pages) for priests engaged in instructing and guiding interested students of the liturgy, this booklet contains (1) instructions on prayer in general and on the Mass in particular, (2) talks and quiz discussions on the altar and its appurtenances and other helpful topics, (3) 22 short-short sermons for feasts of the year.

The Mass, as never before in recent times, is coming to the fore where it belongs, because the Mass is again being understood for its rightful worth as the sacrifice to God of His only-begotten Son. The more it is understood, the more it is appreciated. It can never be exhausted in study circles, and Father Ellard's pamphlet will serve as a good guide for such a course of instruction. Price 25¢ Order from The Queen's Work, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

## Pamphlets

1. Instructions on Catholic Beliefs, Joseph I. Malloy, C.S.P.  
(Six chapters in question and answer form.) 5¢
2. The Mystical Body of Christ.  
(Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius XII with study club outline.) 5¢
3. Stop Look, and Listen, Rev. J. Elliot Ross, C.S.P.  
(Preparation for marriage; Proceed slowly and intelligently.) 5¢
4. Don't Worry, Donald F. Miller, C.S.S.R.  
(Sane advice for those tormented with chronic worry.) 10¢
5. Follow Me, by Godfrey Poage, C.P.  
(A clear and detailed treatment of vocation to the priesthood and to the religious life. Specific work of the different orders and congregations is described. Illustrated.) 10¢



# House Shoes Not Rationed

Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.

EVER now and then, when news is scarce, reporters will dig up in some remote quarter of the globe the picture of some child prodigy that can write "potree" at the age of three, play the "pianah" at four, compose music at five, publish a book at six, and so on. It furnishes free advertising for the flattered mother and fills the page and the bill.

One such child prodigy was Gwendolene Blower, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Blower, née Puffer. Before she went to school, yes, before she could say her prayers, she could "recite." When Mrs. Flattery came to visit Mrs. Blower, the prodigy was asked to recite for the company present. With a stiff curtsy and proud tilt of her little head, she regaled her admiring audience with:

"There was an old lady who lived in a shoe

She had so many children she didn't know what to do."

"Now, wasn't that just too cute," effused Mrs. Flattery,—for she knew her hostess would offer her a second dish of cream and another slice of cake.

Well, Gwendolene grew up—she was like her mother from her neck up—as children have the habit of doing, and was marched off to school—merely to fulfill the letter of the law and avoid conflict with the truant officer. Again there was a party at the Blowers and Gwendolene was again asked to recite. "Let's see," she mused, "what shall it be? Oh, yes! 'There was an old lady . . . etc.'"—Applause.

Having passed through the grades, Gwendolene was sent to high school and college to meet the elite of Upstartville in order to meet a partner for life who would keep her in clothes and idleness. She was graduated and was entertaining her young friends. Mother, of course, wanted her precocious child to give an exhibition of her wonderful gifts and so *pleaded* with her to recite. Gwendolene, true to form, recited the *only* piece she knew, but dressed up in sesquipedalian language, the sign of "higher education" and declaimed:

"There existed an antique matron (old lady) who had taken up her abode (lived) in the discarded accoutrement of a pedal extremity (old shoe) who was blessed with such prolific progeny (had so many children) that she could not evaluate what course of action 'twere best to pursue (she did *really* not know what to do). Exit Gwendolene.

There is much truth in this simple nursery rhyme. It expresses not fiction but fact. To prove

this to you we are going to pay a visit to this old lady who *lives* in a shoe. On the way thither let me describe her house to you. First of all, it does not look like a shoe, not even like a high-heeled one. It has rather the shape of a huge egg, balanced on the small end—it is not covered (weatherboarded) with leather but with muscle fibre painted blood red. As we approach this strange house we hear a deafening din coming from the ground floor. You would think that some hotblooded Mexicans or Communist Reds were staging a little revolution. We raise the knocker and let it fall hard so as to be heard above the noise. The door swings open and Proud Phoebe, red-haired, with freckles to match, and a powdered, upturned nose, admits us into the house. What have we stumbled upon here? A little chap—Greedy George, is holding tight to the playthings he has snatched from his other brothers and sisters. Gluttonous Gustie, with jam all over his face, a piece of pie in each hand, almost chokes as he tries to down the tenth piece of cake, whilst his twin brother, Lustful Louie, crouches in a dark corner and surveys us with wanton eyes. Angry Andy in his blind fury is pounding to pulp a little toy wagon over which he stumbled and picked up a bump on his head as a souvenir. Envious Edna sits in the middle of the room, bawling at the top of her voice, whilst Slothful Sarah, yawning and stretching on a sofa—sweeps the room with her eye, and leaves the dust to multiply.

In the midst of this uproar stands the Old Lady trying to make peace and order with a hickory stick. Now she sees us. We hasten to apologize: "Pardon us, Mrs. . . . we fear we are intruding." "Not at all, good friends; perhaps these bawling brats will behave a little better if company is here."—"We see you have your hands full. I suppose your husband relieves you when he gets home from work."—"My husband? Why, he's dead."—"Dead?"—"Yes, for 6000 years."—"What was his name?"—"Adam!"—"And he left you these seven children?"—"And more. These are the worst ones. The others are out getting into mischief somewhere."—"And may we ask your name?"—"My name is Mrs. Anima—which, you know is the Latin word for 'Soul'."—"It's a wonder that these unruly children have not driven the soul out of you."—"They would have, were it not for the *good* children upstairs."—"Good children! What, have you more children?"—"Come with me and see." She leads the way up-

stairs. As if anticipating our coming, the door is opened by a sweet little maiden, Humble Viola, attired in a simple dress to match her name. Scarcely are we in the room when a sunny little lad, whole-hearted, liberal Joseph comes running with his toys, his bank of savings, apples, cakes, and nuts, and offers them to us with a gracious smile, saying: "You *must* take them all." We cast a hurried glance around the well-ordered room. In a little alcove Angelic Agnes in her pure white dress, and her twin brother, Temperate Charlie, are taking their frugal breakfast. Meek little Clement is nursing the broken wing of the captive mocking bird, whilst Busy Bridget is dusting and polishing the almost immaculate dustless floor and furniture. Taking us by the hand, Mrs. Anima leads us to the open window, to a large reclining chair where her beloved child lies, gazing up into the blue canopy of heaven. What well-formed features, like those that painters give the Infant Jesus and the Boy Christ! And those *eyes*—they attract, charm, captivate us. Mrs. Anima takes out her kerchief to check a tear in its course down either cheek. "This child," and her voice has the echo of a sob, "is the first-born of my second husband. Because of her charitable disposition and warmheartedness we have named her Cordelia. She is the true likeness of her Father. But see how pale she looks! I fear she is consumptive. Oh, she needs nourishing food, but especially sunshine, fresh air, and daily exercise. O my friends," here Mrs. Anima falls on her knees before us and with imploring hands beseeches us, "will you not take Cordelia back with you to Do-ville, and give her the necessary care and exercise?" Can we refuse such a plea? Our hearts would have to be as cold as stone and as hard as flint to resist such an earnest prayer. "Yes, Mrs. Anima, we shall take Cordelia with us and give her a true home. But, before we depart, pray, tell us the name of your second husband and why such good order reigns here."—"My Husband's name is Jesus Christ. He is not only the Breadwinner of my family, but the Divine Food itself. He is here now, though invisible, and because of His presence these beloved children are so good, so virtuous, so well-behaved."—"But what will you do with those rascals downstairs?"—"Beat them until they are half dead, and then let them die of starvation, for what else can you do with *unruly passions* that lead to sin and a divorce from Christ?"

"Cordelia, child, come here and tell us something about your Father!"—"A child should be seen but not heard, so I shall let St. John, the disciple 'whom Jesus loved,' tell me about my Father and what you must do to make me strong and healthy again, and by doing so become like Him."

St. John tells us: "God is love, and he who abides in love abides in God and God in him. . . If any one says, 'I love God,' and hates his brother, he is a liar" (1 St. John 4:16,20). The *reason why* we are to love our "brother" (which includes every human being, no matter what his race, color, creed, or manner of life) is given us by Christ Himself: "They and I are one." Our Lord thirsts to be a wanderer continually upon earth. His title of "Emmanuel—God with us"—seems to be the name He values most and is most anxious to exemplify. Therefore He is not content to come only once into our midst in the crib at Bethlehem, to be with us by grace, but in a different if not more intimate yet delicately appreciable manner in the Holy Eucharist. He desires to be one with us, to hide behind each Christian, who will in this way be the shelter of the Most High, lending his nothingness to Him that is all, so that He, the Infinite God, may dwell in perpetual contact with us. St. Bernard, therefore, writes: "In your relations with your neighbor, go past the external, terrestrial man and do not pause until you reach the interior man created in the image of God, redeemed by the Precious Blood, the temple of the Holy Ghost, the dwelling place of Christ, which is destined for eternal beatitude." Each Christian soul is another Christ. We must read in thought on every brow, like the name over the door of a home, "Christ dwells here. Whatever you do to him you do to me."

St. Paul, has left us a "lucky" chapter in his First Letter to the Corinthians—the 13th—in which he tells us *how* to love Christ dwelling in our neighbor. You have read it again and again in your reading of the New Testament, but you may not have sounded the depths of meaning contained in those simple words. For example. "Charity is patient." Patience means no selfishness; no selfishness means no envy, no pride, no ambition; no envy means no joy in your neighbor's evil, no sinister thought or rash judgment against him; no pride means no perverse dealing, no quarreling, no mockery; no ambition means no anger. "Charity is kind." Kindness means joy in another's good, to the extent of believing all good of him, thinking well of him, speaking well of him, treating him well. It means to bear all, endure all, hope all. And so on.

We might say that all virtues are contained in charity. Faith is the charity that believes; hope, the charity that expects; love, the charity that pours itself out; prudence, the charity that foresees; justice, the charity that distributes; strength, the charity that struggles; temperance, the charity that moderates; zeal, the charity that acts; devotedness, the charity that gives itself; sacrifice, the charity that immolates itself; abnegation, the

charity that forgets itself; penitence, the charity that sacrifices itself; patience, the charity that endures; meekness, the charity that pacifies; resignation, the charity that bears; compassion, the charity that shares; obedience, the charity that unites; modesty, the charity that hides itself; wisdom, the charity that directs; humility, the charity that annihilates itself; confidence, the charity that delivers itself up to love.

When we come to look for a measuring stick or "volt meter" of charity—"How much?" we must ask Eternal Wisdom. He tells us in unequivocal terms that the simplest mind can grasp. He does not tell us to love each other as brothers—they have their spats and quarrels. He does not tell us to love each other merely as soldiers fighting under the same banner, the true Cross. He does not tell us to love each other as members of His Mystical Body—but, "This is my *commandment*, that you love one another *as I have loved you*" (St. John 15:12). And in what manner did Jesus love us—"to the end." Not merely to the end of His earthly sojourn but to the maximum intensity of His own omnipotence. Yes, even greater than Christ's love for us should our love of our neighbor be; it should rival that of the mutual love between Father and Son—"As the Father has loved me, I also have loved you" (St. John 15:9). That this might become a reality

He prayed: "Holy Father, keep in thy name those whom thou hast given me, that they *may be one* even as we are" (St. John 17:11).

Is our love modelled on the love of Jesus for us? Are we willing to inconvenience ourselves or make a sacrifice for him? The true meaning of charity is more in giving what we *are* than in what we have. As a rule our neighbor does not need a portion of our cloak, but he longs for a portion of our heart. Brotherly charity cannot exist unless based upon the gift of self, which is self-sacrifice. There must be a warm drop of our heart's blood resting upon each one of our acts of charity, and their true worth will be recognized by this sign. To give one's life for another is not always required, but to live for others is our daily task.

Cordelia has been so quiet that we have almost forgotten about her. Do you really love Jesus? Here is a chance to show your love. The next time you receive Christ in His Sacrament of Love, in Holy Communion—in His presence, with the whole heavenly court of adoring Angels acting as witnesses, promise Him, *until your next reception of Him*, above your signature, written with your own heart's blood with the pen of your determined will, to love, provide for, furnish daily exercise for *His* child, Cordelia—CHARITY.



## Interview With a Gripsholmer

Adrian Fuerst, O.S.B.

"GRIPSHOLM." That word has a magic sound to it these days. Introduce anyone as "a recent passenger on the Gripsholm," and a hush comes over the group, tongues stutter for the moment, and then questions flow like a mountain torrent.

Father Theodoric Kernel, O.F.M., of the Sacred Heart Province of the Franciscans, with their headquarters in St. Louis, was a recent passenger on

the "Exchange ship" from the Far East. For seven years this zealous Father has been working in China, teaching in a Minor Seminary for native clergy in the province to which he was assigned. He will probably be given permission, while in this country, to do some lecturing in behalf of the schools in China.

Sensing that Father Theodoric might have something to say that would put at ease the anxious

minds of many parents and relatives of war prisoners now in China or Japan, I asked him if he minded being drawn out a bit for this article. Graciously he consented to my bombardment of questions, and here is the result of the interview.

I could not help noticing the guarded way in which Father consented to be quizzed, and while this was due to no unwillingness on his part, he stated at the outset that under instructions from the Government he was to use the greatest prudence and caution in narrating events that had come under his observation. That is easily understandable, and in reality Father did not have to tell everything to answer my questions.

I suggested that we divide our interview into two parts, one dealing with Father's experiences before his internment, and the other after.

"Just where, Father, were you located in China during your stay in that country?"

"I was with two other Franciscan Fathers and three lay professors, native Chinese, teaching in our vicariate seminary in Chowtsun, Shantung Province. Our school had some forty boys preparing for the priesthood, making those grades that correspond to the upper primary grades and high school in the United States. While these boys had only two or three years of schooling before they came to us, their age was about the same as eighth grade graduates here, thirteen and fourteen."

Knowing that Father Theodoric had been Rector of the Minor Seminary during the last three years there, I took the liberty of drawing him out a little regarding the type of boys in their school. While it would go beyond the scope of this article to give everything, Father assured me that Chinese boys are pretty much like the American boy, showing less sportsmanship in losing than an American, but more diligence in his application to his work. The Oriental philosophy, a kind of natural philosophy dating from the writings of Confucius, is responsible. The Oriental cannot afford to "lose face" or prestige, and may resort to various subterfuges to gain his end.

"Did the war greatly affect your work, Father?"

"The Japanese entered northern China in 1937. At first we were not at all disturbed. Our regular work went on as usual. Now and then we would hear of the destruction of a Chinese village, usually by fire, but knowing that they could be easily rebuilt by replacing a thatch roof to the adobe brick walls, that meant comparatively little. But as time went on, we began to feel more and more the nearness of war. The inevitable came when we were informed on March 11, 1943, that we had ten days

in which to vacate our premises, as we were to be interned on March 21."

"Did that mean that your school and missions fell into hostile hands?"

"No. Fortunately there were German missionaries in the vicinity who were not regarded as enemy aliens by the Japanese. There were also some Chinese priests. Our Bishop arranged to have these men take over our property, though the students of the seminary were dismissed. Later I learnt that the seniors had been placed elsewhere in school."

Here I was eager to get into the real meat of the story. While other points of missionary work and school work in China were indeed interesting, they can be studied from mission periodicals, thought I, or heard from other missionaries. What I wanted to know was the kind of life the missionaries led in their internment camp.

"Where were you taken, Father, after you left your seminary?"

"From Chowtsun," the young priest answered, "we were taken to the Protestant mission compound in Weihsien, Shantung Province. This was to serve as an internment camp for all northern China. It was conducted, of course, by the Japanese. The compound itself covered an area of about 100 acres, including buildings, mainly school buildings and a hospital."

"The number must have been quite large," I said.

"Yes, all the foreigners living in northern China were gathered here. Besides the Catholics there were also Protestant missionaries, and all civil men and women of the various countries of Europe, principally, American, British, Belgian, Dutch, and Greek."

"Were there many priests among those interned?" I asked.

"There were 625 Catholics. Of this number six were bishops, 320 were priests, about 200 were Brothers and Sisters, and 100 were lay Catholics. There were many religious orders represented, Franciscans, Jesuits, Benedictines, Trappists, Maryknoll Fathers, and Lazarists, besides Religious priests from Belgium and Canada. To enumerate all the various Sisterhoods would be impossible, but the many different religious habits added much variety to the camp."

"I suppose, Father, all were obliged to work in camp?"

Father assured me that all worked, but the obligation to work did not grow from any orders from their guards or officers. In fact Father said they were left pretty much to themselves, and their problems were solved in their own way. There was,



of course, no attempt to escape the camp, for nothing could have been gained by escape.

"Life in the camp was by no means dull," Father said. "There was little time for idle minutes. That is the way the Americans wanted it and they were responsible for that condition. Upon arriving the camp, which had been occupied by military groups, was subjected to a thorough cleaning. This called for organization, so committees were formed and work was assigned. Everyone able to do so, added his share."

I wanted to know what kind of work they did, and whether the ministers and priests were exempted from the manual labor.

Father answered that the Japanese did not require that anyone work, and hence all could be exempted as far as they were concerned. But all worked to keep busy and happy. Priests, Brothers, and Sisters worked right along with everyone else, at garden work, kitchen work, water pumping, etc. The gardens, for the most part, were small, possibly 20 feet by 50 feet. There was one larger garden of about two acres. There were flower gardens and vegetable gardens; the main vegetables raised were tomatoes and beans. It seems amusing that the prisoners did not grow vegetables primarily for the table, for it would have been impossible to raise enough for all. They farmed in order to keep busy.

"Did the women work, too, Father?"

"The women took care of the kitchen duty, although the chief baker was Father Sylvester Healy, O.S.B., of St. Procopius Abbey. It was a grand thing to see the Protestant ladies working side by side with the religious Sisters. Some of these Protestant people had never before seen or come into contact with a Catholic priest or Sister. At first there was a feeling of strangeness among the Protestant women. Before long all was unity; the kindness and the unconquerable smile of the Sisters won a way into the hearts of the Protestants. The ladies saw that the Sisters were really human and great friendships were formed.

"During fourteen hours of the day water had to be pumped. This was done by the men in two-hour shifts. The disposal of the sewage the Japanese imposed on the Chinese—at least in this camp. Not all prison camps are alike, but differ widely, depending on the Jap official in charge."

It seemed to me that life here was rather orderly, not much different from what one would be used to after living in a community for long.

"That is right," said Father Theodorick. "There was a certain amount of regularity and contentment. During my six months there only three per-

sons died; an elderly lady, an elderly priest, and a priest who had been suffering for some time with cancer. Also during this time a half dozen children were born. Twenty doctors and nurses cared for all, even performing several operations, one a case of appendectomy."

"Were the priests ever able to celebrate Holy Mass in camp, Father?"

Father Theodorick's answer to that was truly consoling. "When we first found out that we were to be interned, we immediately asked the Japanese if we could take our Mass kits along. Mass Kit meant nothing to the Japanese until a Chinese interpreter explained that it was something the Catholics use to worship God. At first the Japanese imagined some kind of statuary. 'How big is that God?' they asked. After sufficient explanation permission was granted to take Mass kits along. Since hosts and wine were obtained through the intermediary of a German missionary, all priests in the camp were able to offer Mass each day. Besides the daily Masses the camp also had a Blessed Sacrament Chapel with the Blessed Sacrament reserved all the time. One of the Bishops vacated his room and lived with someone else to make a suitable place for the chapel. Each evening the day was closed with the rosary in common. On Sundays there was always a community Mass—a High Mass—the former Protestant chapel being used as the church. The High Mass was offered with full solemnity, the priests' Schola providing the singing, even the Proper. An English sermon was preached. In one thing the Mass differed from many of our High Masses. At different intervals one of the priests would give an explanation of the ceremonies for those present, often non-Catholics.

"On First Fridays Benediction was given in the courtyard. Here, too, many of the Catholics and some of the Protestants assembled in May to honor the Mother of God. One of the Sisters had a small statue of the Blessed Virgin and had built a shrine in the courtyard.

"But the grandeur of the celebration found its climax only in the Pontifical High Mass. The Bishop of the Shantung Province had been able to get his pontificals. Pontifical ceremonies were celebrated on Holy Thursday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday, and Easter Sunday, the various Bishops taking turns. On Easter the internees had both Pontifical Mass and Pontifical Vespers."

In closing our brief interview, Father Theodorick made it clear that all who have been recalled from the field of their labors because of the war are eagerly awaiting the time of their return to take up their labors again, where they were interrupted.

## Thank You, Santa Claus!

**W**E CERTAINLY did get a happy surprise when Santa Claus wrote to us from Indianapolis to send us a Twenty-five Dollar War Bond to help build our new Abbey Dining Room wing. We did not even think that Santa Claus knew we were planning to build anything. Then, to add to the good cause, a three dollar gift from Evansville and a fifty dollar check from Philadelphia were added to the war Bond donation. Next, the Father of a very big family heard about it, so he gave five hundred dollars to help build. Lastly, a good non-Catholic Father and Mother added one hundred dollars. That makes the very gratifying sum of Six Hundred Seventy Eight Dollars as a beginning.

No, we are not going forth on a begging tour, but we do know that there is still much generosity in the world. We merely make known the project that has so readily interested the few persons referred to above. Because the monastic family has grown large, it is necessary to enlarge the monastic home. We sorely need a larger dining room, an infirmary, rooms for aged Fathers and Brothers. All these will be parts of a new wing, 100 feet by 40 feet, added to the existing Abbey building. The large dining room will be on the main floor. Above it will be an infirmary for the entire Institution, and above that will be a floor of rooms for our older members, our Pioneers, who will enjoy the convenience of an elevator to avoid stair climbing. In the basement of this wing will be the Abbey bakery.

Plans are now being made for this new addition. Construction should begin as soon as the war is over and building material is avail-

able. Luckily, we have our own stone quarry to supply the main need. We also have our own forest. Timber will be cut this winter for use in this new building. Steel and smaller building accessories will be needed from the outside; also labor, which will not be available till after the war.

Among our Readers there may be some that will enjoy helping us. And perhaps they will have friends that will want to join in the good work. Do not give if it hurts. Give only if it brings joy to your heart. In the olden days Christian persons delighted in making the Monks their debtors, since they appreciated the prospect of prayer that would come to them from the hallowed precincts of the Cloister. Of course, we do pray for our Benefactors many times each day. It is a monastic custom that goes down through the generations. So, through your whole life and all through the years after your death, you will have the benefit of prayers from the Monks

in their Cloister, if you make yourself their Benefactor.

Yes, checks are acceptable, money orders, just plain currency, promissory notes, and War Bonds. Perhaps your safety deposit box is cluttered up with War Bonds already. We shall be glad to relieve you of any surplus that you may wish to dispose of. May God bless you so that you can satisfy the generous propensity of your heart by helping to build part of an Abbey. When next you come to St. Meinrad, ask to see where YOUR part of the building will be.

Gratefully yours

Abbot Ignatius, O.S.B.



# BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

Please find enclosed stipend for Mass of thanksgiving for favors received through the intercession of Brother Meinrad. S. M. A. (Col.)

Enclosed are two dollars. Please say two Masses for the glorification of Brother Meinrad in thanksgiving for his help. F. S. (Mich.)

The offering enclosed is for a favor received from Brother Meinrad and to speed his beatification.

J. V. (Ind.)

I enclose ... for Masses for the glorification of Brother Meinrad as a thanks offering for favors received.

G. B. (Ind.)

Enclosed is the offering for a Mass for the Poor Souls. I am sending this in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for favors received.

B. M. (Ky.)

I feel that through the intercession of Brother Meinrad my sister-in-law had a successful operation.

B. H. (Ind.)

I am enclosing an offering for a Mass for Brother Meinrad for the many favors we have received.

J. R. (Ind.)

I had a very painful boil in my nose and promised to have a Mass said in thanksgiving if it cleared up. Enclosed is the offering.

A. T. (Mass.)

Please have a Mass said in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad. My prayer was answered over night.

M. B. (Mich.)

I made a promise on the 9th of June, and asked Brother Meinrad to pray for a conversion of a person not well disposed to the Church. Three months later this person was confirmed after having received baptism.

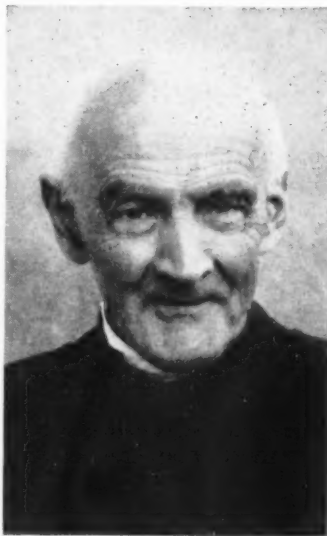
J. G. (Ind.)

Enclosed find an offering in thanksgiving for a favor obtained through Brother Meinrad. He has never failed me.

J. P. (N. Y.)

Please use the enclosed offering for Masses in thanksgiving for several favors received through Brother Meinrad.

A. M. (Iowa)



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1925 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

## MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them into THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

My father was hurt at work. I was worried about him and also about the expenses incurred. I started a novena to Brother Meinrad, asking that my father get better, receive compensation, and be able to work again. In a few days his condition became very serious ... I then asked only that he live. Now, a year later, my father is in good health, received compensation, and is working every day. I feel without Brother Meinrad's help, this would not have been possible. H. F. (Ind.)

I am enclosing an offering which I promised in honor of Brother Meinrad if he would help me to get better so that I could get around and do my work as I have so much to do. I am a lot better now, thanks to his prayers. A. K. (Fla.)

Last winter my daughter was very sick with a very bad cold. She coughed for several weeks very hard, and the doctor advised an X-ray be taken. I had it taken and immediately began to pray to Brother Meinrad that the X-ray come out all right. The next day the doctor called me and told me the X-ray was all right, which he said seemed like a miracle to him because he was quite sure her lungs were infected by this bad cold. She weighed only 78 pounds at the time of her sickness. She now weighs 98.

M. B. (Conn.)

Please say a Mass in thanksgiving for favors received from Brother Meinrad.

F. A. M. (Okla.)

A complete cure was effected in regard to an ear condition existing in one of our religious for which we prayed earnestly to Brother Meinrad, and we feel that a large share of the credit for the cure should be given him for his intercession.

M. M. F. (Penna.)

A week ago I lost a rosary and promised publication and to pray for the canonization of Brother Meinrad if it was returned undamaged. I recovered the rosary and am writing to fulfill my promise. M. H. (Pa.)

08503

Please send us your complete  
address with new Zone number.



## HERO OF THE HILLS

Mary Fabyan Windeatt

*Illustrated by Donald Walpole, O.S.B.*

This story of SAINT BENEDICT, the founder of the Benedictine Order, is a story for the younger generation.

Price \$1.75



The annual vocation number of THE GRAIL in March will carry articles on all types of religious vocations for men and women. Schools are asked to send orders in early. War time restrictions make it necessary to curtail the printing.

## The Mass Year for 1944

Contains the Ordo in English; the arrangement of the Feasts follows the Roman Missal and St. Andrew's Daily Missal.

Also fifty-two reflections on the Sunday Masses suitable for meditation on the Sunday Liturgy.

Price 30¢ each.

4 copies \$1.00.

Quantity Prices on request.

THE GRAIL  
ST. MEINRAD, IND.

## My Name is Thomas

Mary Fabyan Windeatt

*Illustrated by Sister Jean, O.P.*

St. Thomas Aquinas is the Patron Saint of Schools. Here is a good opportunity for teacher and pupils to become his friends.

Price \$1.00



## OTHER PUBLICATIONS

The JESTER'S PRAYER by Aimee Torriani. Illustrated by Pierre Juzet.

Price \$2.00

QMP STORIES by Quentin Morrow Phillip. Illustrated by Lewis Hellwig. A subscription of Five Numbers for \$1.00.

WE WHO DIED LAST NIGHT by Quentin Morrow Phillip.

Price \$2.00

THE ART OF LIVING JOYFULLY by Henry Brenner, O.S.B.

Price \$1.00

THE COURAGEOUS SHALL CONQUER by Henry Brenner, O.S.B.

Price \$1.00

THE GRAIL  
ST. MEINRAD, IND.



